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OLD MISSION RHYMES



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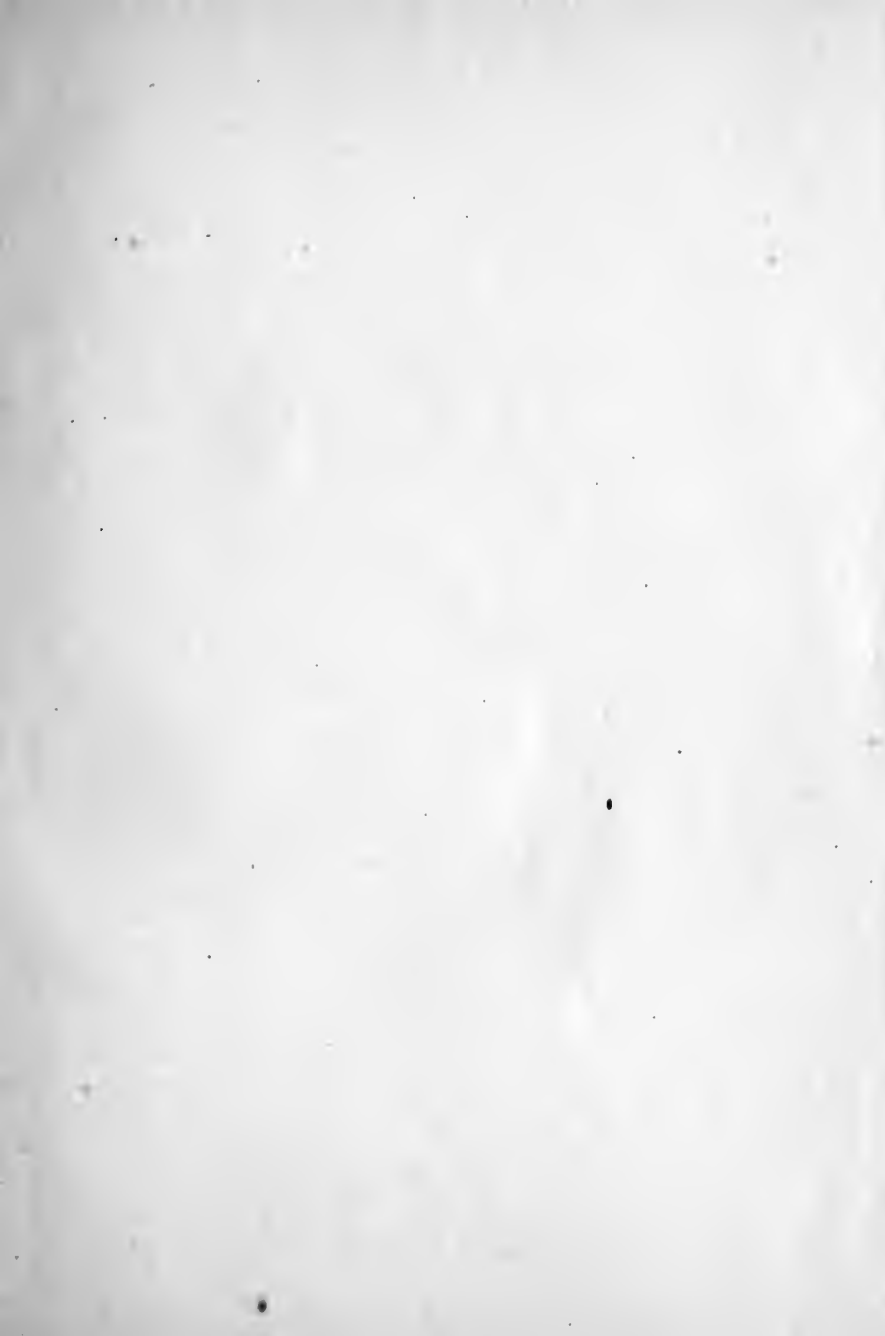
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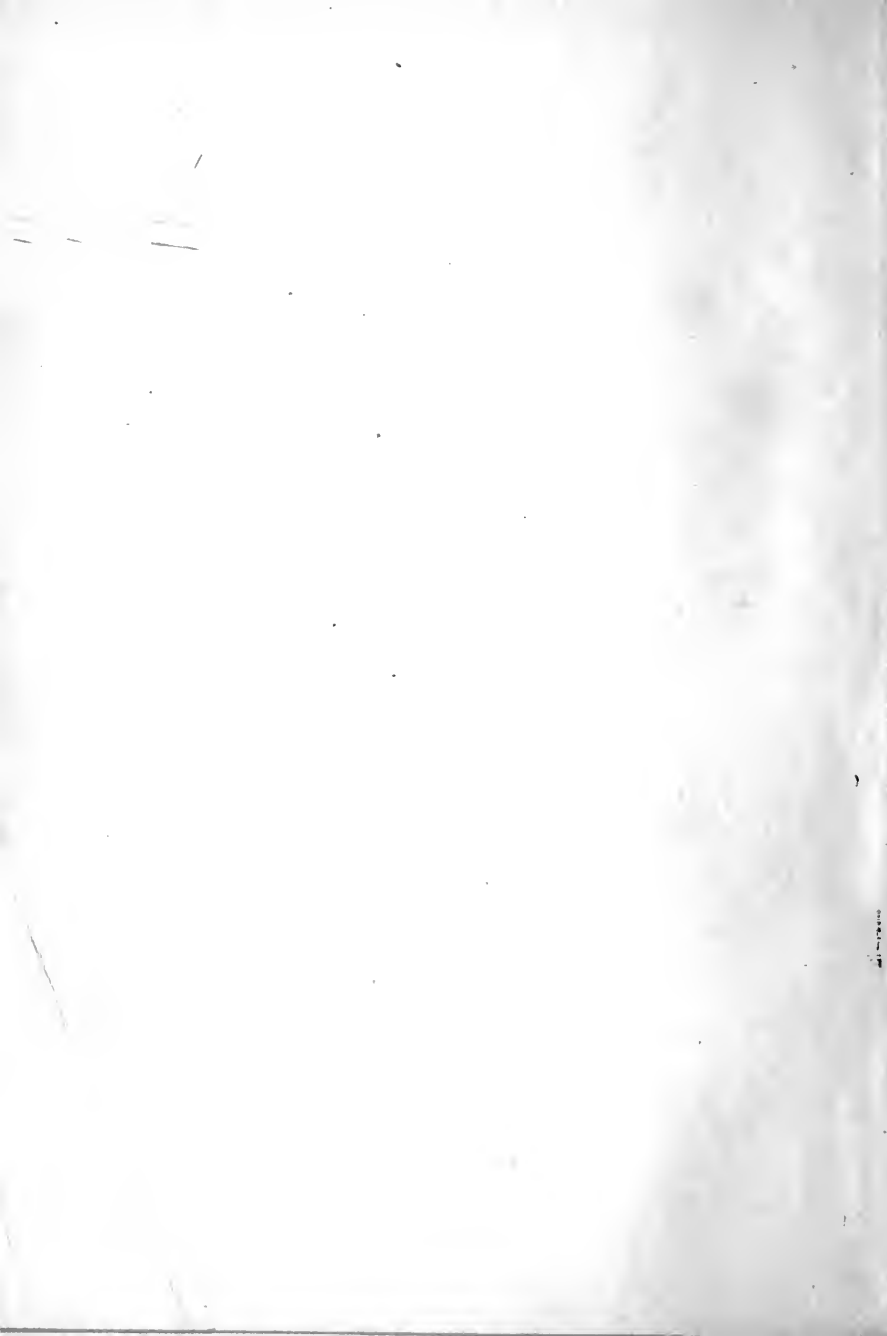
1900

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









OLD MISSION RHYMES

BY

✓
WILLIAM HARTLEY HOLCOMB
"



San Diego, California
FRYE, GARRETT & SMITH
Publishers
1900

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PREFACE.



It is a sad commentary upon the endurance of things temporal that there now remains of that splendid prosperity built by the early Mission Fathers in California, only names and a few crumbling ruins.

Attracted by the atmosphere of beauty; by the delicacy and affluence of color; by the fragrance and the freedom that attach to the scenes where lived and wrought, a century ago, these good and wise men, our historians have in the past invaded the silence which clings to the torn and dismantled halls, and have forced them to speak of those golden morning hours. From the silent-tongued travelers which come to us from across the river of time, we have gathered fragments of knowledge concerning these pioneers, which have served to illuminate the shadows through which the peoples, conditions and surroundings of one hundred years ago are dimly seen.

The purpose of this little volume is to add a few strokes of the pen toward completing a picture which will ever possess for us a wondrous and never worn-out charm.

The author has attempted to convey to the reader some little knowledge of that delicacy of

insight, that gift of penetrating into the heart of things, that subtleness of interpretation which seemed to be with these men of the olden time almost an instinct. He has used as a medium, the tales of adventure, of love, of ambitions gratified, and of hopes unfulfilled; the stories of noble piety and of martyrdom, which have come to us from the past, developing in our minds a sense of "far-off unhappy things".

He has concerned himself more with the regard for a true historic association, than for an artistic development of the legends, and to this end he has carefully drawn from sources of undisputed authenticity, the chronological order, as well as an accurate setting of the scenes which characterize the events, and in clothing the historical fact with its appropriate surroundings, there has been given an added touch of the imagination, to widen out the horizon, and to shadow forth more clearly the character of thought and action of that day.

The author has an apology to make with regard to the form in which he has attempted to portray the thought, the life and the scenery of a time, whose mythic cycle must ever remain to our spiritual vision as an imperishable reminiscence, and pleads as an excuse, that possessed of a predilection for making rhymes, and the subject matter having exhibited a peculiar susceptibility to this form of treatment, the art of versification was invoked to soften the manner and to forbid the roughness of literary composition. The author would hesitate to affirm any relationship to poetical genius, believ-

ing such to be a gift of God-light from above, while education and perseverance will develop a versifier.

In conclusion, if the charitable reader of the lines is able to glean a fragment of the pleasure from their perusal it gave the author to write them, then, the author will feel himself amply repaid for the care, the study and research involved in their preparation.

THE AUTHOR.

San Diego, California, December 1st, 1900.

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"Down, down, where breakers brew their foaming yeast". Page 149

OLD MISSION RHYMES



THE FIRST SETTLERS.



DREAM SEAS.

Soft seas that dream, dream seas that smile,
Gently cradle our bark awhile
That we may drift and idly dream
Of Time's soft light, whose rosy beam
Colors the hours we thus beguile.

Retracing years, mile upon mile,
We watch the posts go by in file,
Illumined by thy kindly gleam—
Soft seas that dream.

Thy mirror depths will reconcile
With winsome grace, man's evil guile;
The stain that marks a baser seam
No trace will leave on memories ream,
As we pass down thy pleasant aisle—
Soft seas that dream.

Imagine a distance of tropical sea
Wreathed in smiles of perpetual glee,
Now simmering in heat of southern day,
Now cooling with breath of the evening's play;

It is not the effect of landscape and sky
Unfolding there to entrance the eye,
'Tis only the clouds of opaline hue
Reflecting their doubles with likeness true.
When night lifts her jewels from casket rare
And scatters them lavishly everywhere,
The sea picks them up in her crystal bowl,
And numbers each gem of the Heavenly scroll.

On this shimmering strip of southern sea
Behold a galleon, adrift to the lea:
A vessel of famed Manila fleet,
Laden with Orient spices sweet,
Whose delicate odors the airs inhale
As they languidly stir a listless sail.
But perfumes that rival Elysian balms
Serve not a ship restrained by calms;
Far greater the worth of a roaring gale
To Masters who seek the Manila trail.
How weary the days on the watery main
To mariners longing for home again!

Invest this scene spread out to the eye
With the wondering thought of years gone by,
When the chivalrous men of Western Spain
Dispelled the mists o'er the unknown plain;
And over it cast the rose-colored spray
Of fables believed in by men of that day;
With the admiration and mental delight
Of mythical legends of mediaeval night;
Of narratives epic, in prose and verse
Whose rythmical melody oft' would rehearse
The power of saints whose anathemas hurled
Destruction to doubters throughout the world.

This having done, and the place and the time
Depicted by words, whose metrical rhyme

Mimics not poetry (whose own proper sphere
Is to attune the soul to the list'ning ear);
But rather to grace by caesural pause,
And embellish an otherwise simple cause:
Armed with license, the poet's mail,
We will venture forth to relate a tale.
A tale of the galleon Felicidad,
And her weary waiting so long and sad;
A tale of a stricken crew who were there
Saved from a deadly calm by prayer.

This galleon, becalmed on its homeward way,
Had drifted idly for many a day.
On board the scurvy, that dreaded scourge,
Had depleted the crew to the utmost verge.
The sailors, all, the disease had gained,
The Alferez—Master—alone remained.
The ship to steer, and to act as a crew,
Was this fated Master's daily due.
Yet, not entirely alone in his care,
For a passenger shared the duties there;
From Manila to Acapulco bound
Some Good Samaritan work had he found.

Old of years, of grave and reverent mien,
A traveler whom all known lands had seen;
Of men, a veritable patriarch,
Distinguished by a courtier's mark;
His costly habit bore upon its breast
A golden crucifix the Pope had blessed;
His wisdom, time and thought, had polished bright
His soul, inclined towards spiritual light.
Oft' while in kindness he knelt by the sick,
His eyes looking upward, and chest heaving quick,
There seemed to flow from his cooling palm
An influence soothing as some mild balm.

Of different cast was the Master there;
A man much bowed under burden of care.
Small in his stature, and quick to command,
He waited on time with a nervous hand;
Which, refusing to yield to one man's view,
Kept steadily on its course to pursue.
Then, sadly deploring his wretched state,
The Master, all power embraced in his hate,
Cursed the misfortune that gave him birth,
Chided the elements as of no worth,
And at length, relapsing in vague despair,
The name of the Almighty did forswear.

The traveler besought him to calm his mind,
To regard his maker as a Being kind,
Whose chastening hand reaches forth each day
Some virtue to aid, some ill to allay;
To remember, that all that is, is best;
Do we all we can, let God do the rest.
But still the master of the Felicidad
Complained that never were things so bad;
That Fate was cruel, and God unkind,
Destiny bankrupt, and Justice blind.
He said: "'Tis plain the wind and the sea
Have leagued with the devil to undo me."

The traveler endured his unreasoning sway
'Till, patience exhausted, he made haste to say:
"Why hurl thyself 'gainst the petards of Fate?
Dost thou presume to be Destiny's mate?
Dare thou to dispute the heavenly plan
Prevailing on earth since the birth of man?
If thou canst not hasten the winds to blow
'Twere wisdom, at least, thy wrath to forego.
Call not to account God's all-just will;
Retrieve what we may, for the rest, keep still,

And now, with good intent I'll unfold a way
Whereby we'll have breezes and help this day.

THE TRAVELER'S TESTIMONY.

"Whatever of credence my white hairs deserve
Over the dark locks of intrepid youth,
Pray you now give, and my statement preserve
For the least, having merit of truth."
Thus spake the old man, in the winter of age,
Yet with heart that beat warmly and kind,
As he read from life's book, page upon page,
Examples his precepts to bind.

"At Asia's pole I've seen ice-bound capes
Of roughest stone and barren land,
While tropic shores their brooding shapes
In ambrosial airs expand.
I've been where tempest waves have wrecked
Our ship on a rock-strewn coast,
And Ocean's furious tongue unchecked
Re-echoed the wind's wild boast.

"Where Africa's burning sands assail
The pilgrim's agonized thirst,
The dread sirocco hath made me quail
In its torrid heat immersed.
While taking the soft Sicilian air
Banditti passed me by,
While those employing greater care
By stiletto were forced to die.

"Cuyamaca, Chief of Indians red,
Restrained his heartless band,
And I alone, of a hundred dead,
Was spared by his command.
I've gone through the plague's most dreaded flood,
My life seemed almost charmed,
And once a lion of Nemean blood
I slew, and quitted unharmed.

"Thus to relate, in endless array,
My memory would serve me still
Of wondrous 'scapes from fierce affray
Of nature, or savage will.
Let this be said, my truth to adorn
Its import I would impress,
In man is a power, oft' held in scorn,
Of rescue when in distress.

"Deign not to doubt, nor boastfully say
My precept deserves no care,
A force in you lies, more potent than day,
The power of silent prayer.
Think not the God who gave you life
Hath given no refuge to save:
By prayer alone we may ward off strife
Which follows from cradle to grave.

"For I would have died on icy floe,
Or in jungle as I fell,
My bones would bleach where the hot winds blow,
Bandits my jewels would sell,
The sea maids would plait their wavy hair
And mock at my grinning skull,
Had not I invoked the force of prayer
Each untoward Fate to lull.

"For prayer is unction of hidden fire,
Unuttered or expressed,
It leagues our souls to beings higher
Than by human forms impressed.
The myriad hosts of Heaven attend
When prayer is heard above,
Majestic law stoops to forfend
With the soft wings of love.

"Hadst thou known lived a gift so rare,
Concealed in thy innermost breast,
Thy heart would have breathed a constant prayer,
Thy cause would have been thrice blest.

Assume at once thy rightful place,
Wouldst thou thy heritage shun?
Pray now to God, Omnipotent Grace;
Grandiose, Most Absolute One."

The traveler ceased, about him his gaze
Fell on Master and crew, whose deep amaze
Was born of the spell of the speaker's word,
As well as of marvelous doctrine heard.
The Master, impulsive in everything,
In haste gave the order: "Our Lady bring!"
And soon the banner of Saint so fair,
"Our Lady Guadalupe," was floating there.
Our Lady, whose perfect and sinless life
Exalts our souls to forego all strife,
In compassion kind, on those kneeling prone,
Smiled sweetly down from her painted throne.

With deep emotion and loud acclaim
The Master called on "Our Lady's" name,
While the crew in wonder at what they saw
Joined in the prayers with genuine awe:
"O Lady, vouchsafe our vessel to save,
O send thy sweet breath to stir up the wave:
Hear us, Oh hear us, restrain not thy hand,
Have mercy upon this poor stricken band."
Again, and again did they loudly cry,
While the traveler in silent prayer stood by.
With what infinite ease the heart turns to God,
When it feels the sting of the chastening rod.

O Miracle, why didst thou cede thy reign
To reason's age, with its doubts and pain?
Why didst thou leave man like a homeless waif
To struggle, sustained alone by faith?
Foremost in battle thou didst aid the right,
On land and sea shone thy resplendent light,

The pains of martyrs thy strengthening art assuaged,
While evil forces oft' thou fearlessly engaged.
O come again, with thy sovereign power to bind
Our faltering spirits to mysteries most kind.
Know thou 'tis better far for restless mind
To trust the eye, than abstract reason blind.

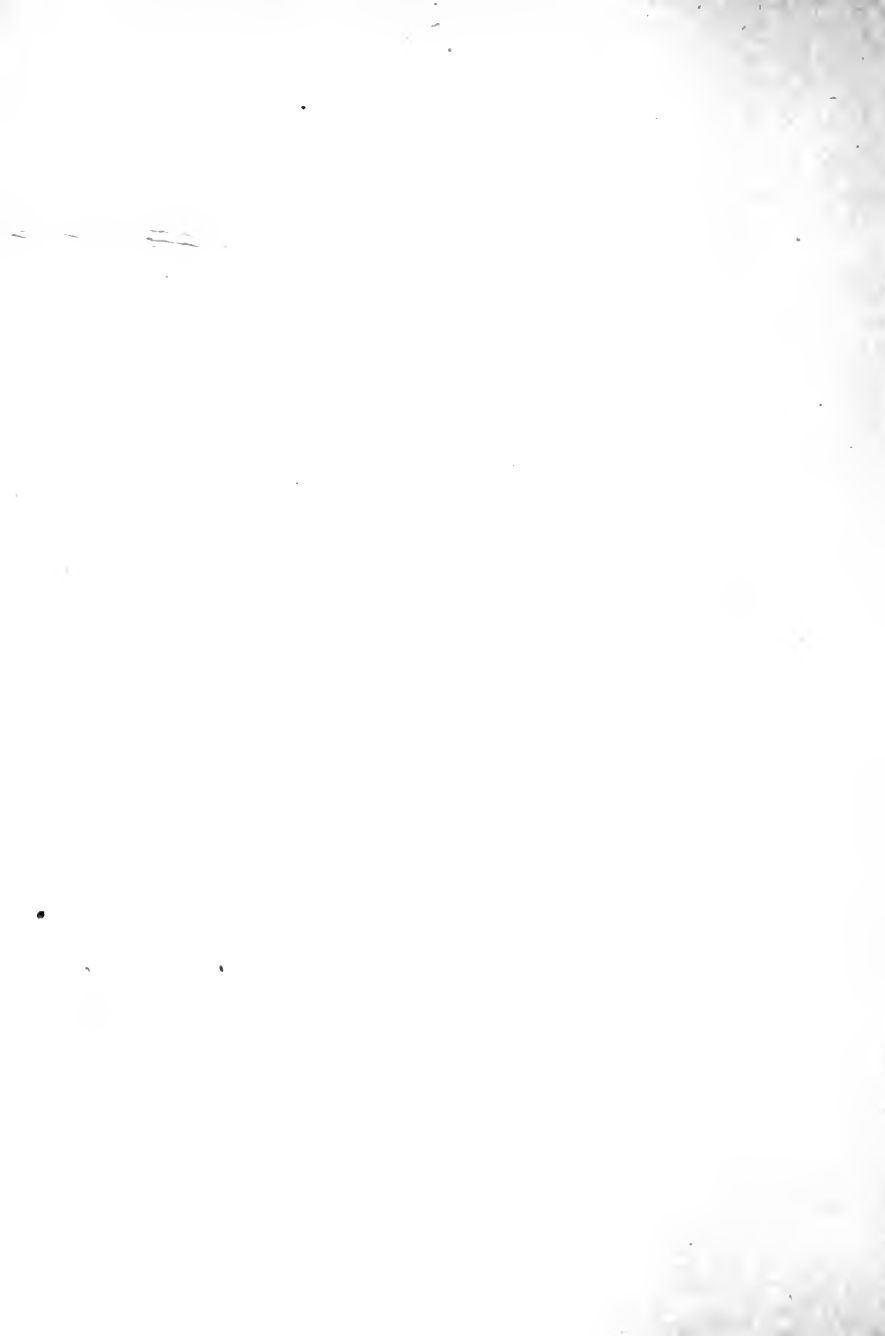
Lo, mark the strength of religious zeal!
Dramatic power of a Saint's appeal!
A spectacle strange now instantly grew,
Inspiring awe in the kneeling crew.
A power, seeming more than strong nature's arm,—
Reached out from space and sounded alarm:
Dull clouds were suddenly put to flight,
The sluggard airs rippled the waters bright,
The shrouds, mysterious force to prove,
Tugged at their ropes and bade the ship move;
While praise and joy at wonder profound
Along the billowy waves resound.

How oft' the dweller by the storm-swept ways
Beholds the day unfold with cheerful blaze,
While waves so boisterous of the day before
Emit a petulant and sullen roar.
Thus nature ever holds her balance free,
Each wilder moment shades to less degree.
Each exaltation of the human brain
Must by depression reach its mean again.
So with the sailors of the Felicidad,
Whom joyful ecstasy drove almost mad:
Their exultation being overthrown
By calmer moments of a deeper tone.

And on the ship sprang homeward, with a bound,
While fondest hopes revived and smiled around.
But darkness ever follows brightest light,
The brilliant day dies in the arms of night,



“Behold a galleon, adrift to the lea”. Page 2



The dearest dreams depart as we awake,
Fate seems to grudge the little joy we take.
To cause man's high ambitions to decay
Is Earth's sweet pastime and her daily play.
Man's duty leads to constant sacrifice,
Recurring hopes he may not realize;
And still his ship bowls merrily along
'Neath gracious winds with Fair Wind's magic song:

FAIR WINDS THAT BLOW.

Fair winds that blow, that onward flee
Across the floor of painted sea,
Thy work our minds may never know;
Or whence ye come or where ye go,
Ye are not slaves but gladly free.

For vigil kept o'er wave and lea,
For pushing on man's argosy,
No pay ye seek as on ye flow,
Fair Winds that blow.

And yet, in shade of trysting tree,
Lover's sweets are daily sipped by thee,
While kiss from dim seraglio
Is caught by thee on portico.
What greater pay couldst thou decree?
Fair Winds that blow.

Ah! fain would I a fairy tale relate;
How favoring winds the gallant ship await;
How, when the anchor lodges in the sea,
Fond lovers greet their sweethearts at the quay.
How eager merchants, freed from anxious care,
Count profits on the cargo anchored there.
Yet, such an end alone in fiction lies,
Life in the real embraces tears and sighs;
On whirling wheel the sparkling gem is ground,
In disappointment's edge are virtues found.

He travels farthest on life's seething main
Who cultivates capacity for pain.

Strength be to those who dear ones wait in dread!
May merchant's loss rest lightly on his head!
For seas are ruled by sprites of wilful guile,
And hidden dangers lurk beneath their smile.
The Spanish ship, with crew and treasure-trove,
Her carved head-piece through giant billows drove,
And dreadful tempest wrecked her masts and spars,
While darkest night forgot to light her stars,
And lurid lightning's flash, with thunder's roll,
Revealed the form but 'lumined not the soul.
With deaf'ning crash the waves upon her roll'd,
Through broken hatches water filled the hold.

Emergency will make a weak man brave,
Fear flies before the soul aroused to save.
The human mind seems ever to enclose
A latent force our actions to dispose.
Full many a man whose outward mien is mild,
As innocent and trustful as a child,
When clash of arms announces battle's fray,
Springs to the front and bravely wins the day.
Thus often do we see in common life
Heroes arise to overcome the strife.
One well may hold this form we highly prize
To be a God, in mask of human guise.

The Master and the crew, with sturdy will,
Besought the ship to save through sailor's skill;
Winds and waves, wild in their wanton strength,
Defied their efforts to their utmost length.
The men resigned control unto the seas,
And straightway to "Our Lady" bent their knees.
From out the darkness of that stormy scene

Shone forth "Our Lady's" face with glance serene.
The painted halo o'er her shapely head
A streaming light on her surroundings shed.
Shall we say now, incredible event?
The storm declined as prayers were upward sent.

As if in answer to divine appeal
Though adverse winds still made the ship to reel,
Its strength exhausted in one vengeful blow,
The storm expiring, sighed in dying throe.
And stillness fell upon the seething wave,
Broken by thankful shouts the sailors gave.
And now there shot from out the Western night
A glorious shaft of vari-colored light.
A meteor, speeding far with glistening beam,
The ship enameled with its liquid gleam,
Transforming human features by its glare
To angel faces, upward turned in prayer.

Yet once again, upon this fateful night,
Was prayerful awe to precede greater fright.
Rich tokens of a Great Creator's will
Had not conserved to keep misfortune still.
A cry rang through the ship, by storm waves toss'd:
"Help! sailors, man the boats, or we are lost!"
Where timber joints had proven frail and weak
The sea crept in, the ship had sprung a leak.
No human art could patch the rotten pine,
Nor keep the gushing flow to water-line;
With sullen swash the ship was sinking slow,
With scurried tread the rats came from below.

Soft breaks the morning's tide upon the East,
And tips with rose the crests of billow'd yeast,
Where wave and rock, in matin love embrace,
And seek the night's dread fury to efface.

As deepens light upon the peaceful sky
No sign of gallant 'ship can we descry.
If we would pierce the veil of hidden deep,
And see where wreckage lies and sailors sleep:
If we would know the truth, not that which seems,
We first must learn the art of inward dreams.
To such, the galleon rests beneath the wave, -
While all but two have found the mermaid's grave.

Where Ocean in his sweep across the world
On rocky ribs of Mother Earth is hurled:
Where, locking with her arms of sandstone gray,
He conquers her by dint of dashing spray:
Where Neptune, with his constant digging spade,
Most weird caves and grottoes quaint has made;
Where Undine's chisel carves from night to morn
Fantastic shapes these chambers to adorn:
Where Nymphs their most exquisite arts define
With frieze and dado of grotesque design;
Where shallow shoals give way to sudden steeps,
And deep-sea life by side of shore-life sleeps.

Where gold-fish flash their brilliant coats of mail,
As through the tangled moss and kelp they sail;
Where star-fish, giant squids and eels abound,
And sea-shells of most varied hues are found;
Lies a bright coast, whose rocky brows expand
In mountain tops, which o'erlook sea and land;
Where, in each season's time, midst gentle showers,
Old Earth bedecks herself with fragrant flowers,
And robes herself in gown of emerald hue
To hide her wrinkled forehead from man's view;
A place where Nature stores her priceless toys
And deals them out to man as ceaseless joys.

La Jolla, was that place, and is today,
"The Jewel"—Nature's gem of purest ray.

Here sits the Dame and grants her treasured boon
'Till Earth seems Heaven's land, approached too soon.
Here, when gray light stole softly from the sky
Revealing distant land to searching eye,
The Master came alone with Traveler old,
With relics they had saved from swimming hold;
Some rolls of China silks and casks of wax,
A box of gold doubloons—the royal tax—
Which in the Master's private room had lain,
Sent from far Colonies unto the King of Spain.

Of food and drink they brought but little store,
For, while the raging waves with frightful roar
Had leapt upon the ship in fury's might,
Intent the spell of Saint to put to flight;
While water swept the deck and filled the hold,
And drenched the weakened men 'till stiff and cold,
The master, moved by danger to prepare,
Had launched the boats and brought provisions there.
When water's bulk began the ship to sink,
Her upper ports to kiss the briny brink,
The boats were pulled away by feeble hand.
Alas, but one was spared to meet the land!

Sad facts of History could we employ,
Descriptive lines of brain and pen alloy,
Depicting days of want, privations sore,
For these unwilling pilgrims held in store.
Yet, why seek fancy's realm to gild our theme,
When like events are found in every dream;
Where fondest hopes of men are turned aside
And each must ride perforce, some foreign tide,
Where through some channel they wish not to go,
There life's endeavors are compelled to flow,
Until at last, surmounting some high crest
They see that God is wise, that He knew best.

The sorrowing know, a marvelous kind
Of Lethian draft will soothe the mind,
When anguish keen her ruthless blade intrudes,
And men, despairing, reach their lowest moods.
The mind, through action, to indifference comes;
Oblivion's stream across our sadness runs;
The indentations made on memory's page,
Are smoothed away as sorrows grow in age;
Bright day surmounts a fitful space of night,
Illusions pass before our strengthened sight.
Let this suffice to show how passing days
Restored to life and hope our cast-a-ways.

But first, there came the fearful crushing force
Of aspirations wrecked upon their course;
Of worldly loss of cargo and of fame,
The blighting thought of ruined earthly name;
Of sympathy for those who dwelt at home
In wonder that the ship so long should roam;
Of terror at the lonesomeness of things,
With all the fears that sudden parting brings;
Of sadness for those lives the sea had taken,
Of doubts lest by their God they were forsaken.
The master, broken down by strange events,
With tearful eyes poured forth these wild laments:

THE MASTER'S LAMENTATION.

"Oh God, why punish thou the good and wise,
O'erpower the valiant and forsake the true?
Why spare thy gifts for heart where evil liés?
Why gild their fortunes with a roseate hue,
While souls of innocence are pressed with sighs?
"Why doth thy chastening hand oppress the pure,
And with increasing force tempt them to stray?
Why deck with flowers the path to shame's allure?
Why walk upright the wicked in their day,
While those in righteousness creep insecure?

"Have I not always sought to do thy will?
Have I not kept my life without a stain?
Yet sinful Masters are permitted still
To guide their ships beneath the flag of Spain,
And ply their wicked arts with greater skill.

"While I am cast upon a heathen land,
Devoid of hope, all honor, glory past,
The wicked live, a hateful, loveless band
Preferred before me, who must be the last
And waste my useful years on desert sand.

"What is the recompense for doing good?
Where is reward for wearing virtue's crown,
When profit shines on Satan's brotherhood?
When wickedness usurps the purple gown,
And Christian acts are e'en misunderstood?

"My prayers return unanswered from the skies;
My heart's oblation falters to the ground;
My soul no more on wings of faith will rise;
No more in saintly life will power abound
To solve the hidden strength of mysteries."

When sorrows of a brother we would share
We quickly rise above our own despair.
The Traveler gray, whose voice had given birth
To sage advice the Master deemed of worth,
In sweet compassion moved by his sad speech,
With gentle precept sought his soul to reach;
Endeavored from these contemplations void
To turn his mind to feel the good enjoyed,
To learn how seeming ills great gifts enfold,
How troubles cast our lives to wider mold.
A joyous light the Master's face o'erspread
While drinking in the truths the Traveler said.

THE TRAVELER'S REPLY.

"The bruised seed gives up the purest oil,
The caged bird laments with sweetest note,
The polished stone reflects the grinder's toil,
As does the golden book man's labor wrote;
The largest yield flows from a well-tilled soil.

"The rarest odors from crushed petals part,
The trampled grape yet offers crimson wine,
Privation leads the soul to highest Art,
By disappointment only we refine
And discipline the truest human heart.

"How oft' we see poetic instincts thrilled
With love for all mankind: When left alone
In want, by heavenly thoughts instilled.
While seeking wisdom from the Great Unknown
Man's faith in loving God is never chilled.

"Or artist in some upper garret bare,
Dining on crumbs, who aspiration hath
Lifting the hearts of men when in despair
By pictured love, compared with human wrath:
Still while he paints his body needs no care.

"The restless spirit, moored to bed of pain,
Compelled to watch the flight of limping years,
Will gather from life's field of glinting grain,
The seeds of patience, and the substance cheers
The drooping heart, as herbs are cheered by rain.

"Did not the Holy One as humble man,
Give up his life, a token, to fulfill
Inspired Word concerning Heaven's plan,
That ages down should ring with God's good will;
His gracious right to bless, His power to ban?

"Who conquers flesh, to him the truth is given;
The bitter war is followed by calm peace;
By sorrow's lamp we find the way to Heaven;
By resignation we our chains release—
Love is the Universal leaven.

"The power of prayer hath limits as you see;

God cannot grant us everything we ask.
Our lives from peril he will always free,

But not the labor of a bidden task
Will He exempt from His all-wise decree.

"He freed the ship from stillness of the wave;

He calmed the winds when storms were raging wild;
All this in answer to our prayers he gave,

As father gives to supplicating child
Whom he would make more trustful, true and brave.

"Because his wish does not accord with thine,

Why shouldst thou deem his sacred purpose lost?
Perhaps some greater work will He assign

To compensate thy high ambitions crossed,
And dedicate to thee a nobler shrine."

Good deeds, like tones of silvery chime,
Ring clearly out across the fields of time.

When California first received her name,
And Spanish sailors to her harbors came,

The guileless natives to their hearers told
Their tribal legends, in form manifold:

Of men whose likeness true the Spaniards bore,
Those who in ancient times were washed ashore

From off the flowing seas amidst the storm,
Who sought great deeds of friendship to perform;

And how their painted Goddess they unfurled
And bowed to Her as ruler of the world.

When zealous Friars followed sailors here

Their costly works of piety to rear,

These tales of shipwrecked strangers who were white,
They heard from lips of gentle neophyte;

How, by their deeds of kindness, not through fear,
The natives learned their presence to revere.

How they had lived and taught the law of love,
And worship of the Greatest Good above;

How they had mated with the daughters of the tribe,
And rules of civil life did oft prescribe;
How-came their end, as brave as was their life,
A crowning victory o'er worldly strife.

THE SEED TIME.

How doth kind nature, with generous hand,
Distribute her bounties throughout the land?
A thousand of seeds are sown broadly and free
That one may develop a plant or a tree;
A thousand of cells, that one tiny flower
May germinate, bloom and die in its hour.
So, likewise, the course of inspired thought
With nature's prolific measure is fraught;
Across intellectual fields of toil
A thousand ideas find lodgment in soil;
And blossoming forth, some truth to adorn,
A seed-thought belated, adds life to its form.

Great minds which revolutionize our thought
Have not in single file their treasures brought,
But widely strewn apart on life's broad wave
A thousand flaming lights appear to save.
By solid phalanx sweeps Fair Progress on,
Compelling every land her garb to don.
The precious truths of nature are too rare
For individual mind alone to bear.
The reckless waste of force she counts no cost—
For one that lives, a thousand thoughts are lost.
Embosomed in the depths of myriad mind
Similitude of thought we ever find.

Some special epochs seem to sow the seed
Which later ripens in historic creed;
A time when earth a restlessness assumes
And newer thought the horizon illumines;
When tyrants first are gently criticised,

And public thought is slowly crystallized,
Existing forms are found to gall and pinch
And Freedom's girth increases inch by inch;
Religious truths men beg to amplify,
And lesser ill their spirits magnify;
Downtrodden beings cease to vegetate
And larger manhood seeks to germinate.

When once the growth of progress has begun
The boundaries of time are overrun.
Its wilful impetus engulfs the land
And scatters seeds of good on every hand.
Here, minds emboldened by its forceful sway,
A sudden resolution will display
To strike the shackles from their bounden bones,
While tyrants totter on unsteady thrones.
Here, impulse stirs the wilds of waste to track
That fame of new-found worlds may echo back.
There, in the humbler gleam of spiritual light
Some heroes struggle in the cause of right.

Thus, while to Eastern coast the seed-time came,
And Freedom's flower put forth her scarlet flame,
There lodged on California's fair soil
A zealous band inured to faithful toil.
The chemist learns how with a sudden blow
Precipitates are formed from liquid flow.
Thus, Boston riots brought their powerful shock
To harden this Republic into rock.
Thus, Russia reaching forth her grasping hand
To seize the treasures of a Southern strand,
Inspired Carlos, Third, of Spain, with fear,
And bade him Northern barriers to rear.

Uniting with the King's material arm
Franciscan Friars added spiritual charm;

And each agreed a common work to share:
Arms to the King; to Friars, a pious care.
In four divisions was their force to be,
Two by land, while two should go by sea.
At San Diego, their objective point,
The four should meet and, by their efforts joint,
Establish there, in regal splendors clad,
A Mission such as Spain had never had.
A conquest, spiritual and secular,
Was sown on California's realm afar.





“Where wave and rock, in matin love embrace”. Page 11

THE COMING OF THE FATHERS.



SOOTHSAYING.

Note that far sound, distinctly clear,
Which bridges distance to the ear:
And like the murmurs in the shell
On air records the faintest swell!
The solemn rumble of the mill,
The muttered babble of the rill,
The tinkling signal of the herd,
The music language of the bird,
O'er Nature's bosom hushed and still
Are wafted at their own sweet will.
The eager pulse of life is stayed
While earth, reposeful, seeks the shade.

Foreboding Silence holds his sway,
Quiescent Lord of living day.
Above the changing, darkening, clouds
Below, their gloom the earthenshrouds.
And now the storm comes on apace,
Fulfillment of prophetic grace;
In which the earth, the sky and sea
Reveal an inborn potency.

List to the lull of tranquil hour
And heed the lesson of its power.
An ominous pause precedes a storm;
'Tis Nature's warning speaks in form;

The guttural voice of father giving blame,
The sound of foot where man had left his bed
To speak of weird sounds, each word he said,
Struck on the tense-drawn vault of blue
And echoed back interpretation true.

Dark, hovering Evil ere he wrecks his spite,
Rests his fell pinions to gather utmost might,
A burst of wind, preceding ominous pause,
Signals the Aids, to marshal for the cause.
And wary, silent, casts a watchful eye
Along his ranks some weakness to descry.
With willing readiness prepared, at length,
He marches forth secure in allied strength.
Thus, on this night, before the streak of morn,
Awoke the day her duties to perform,
A sullen stillness cast intensest calm,
While Evil read misfortune from his palm.

Then came a distant, deep, intoned report,
Like monster gun discharged from some strong fort.
Anon dreadful sound like rumbling wheels,
Reverberating like dread thunder's peals,
The earth, like frame-work to a pile stone's block,
Vibrated visibly with vehement shock,
As when some ship in fearful naval broil
Quivers with violence from a gun's recoil.
Then quiet reigned for one brief moment's space,
While reinforcements ranged themselves in place.
Again resounds the subterranean roar,
Again the dire rebound along the shore.

As billowy waves which break upon the beach
In swift progression greatest volume reach,
Until the seventh of its successive race,
Crowns all in misty height and breadth of space;

In far retreat they link their foamy hands,
And rush once more in wrath upon the sands.
In equal sequence now came earthquakes on
From middle night to break of smoky dawn.
The God of Light arose in lurid red,
And frightened creatures left their quaking bed,
The course of day resumed its wonted bent
And earth relapsed in sullen discontent.

No joyous heralds came of this new morn,
Instead of dewes and flowers, all was forlorn,
The struggling sun shone through a murky cloud,
Which clung upon the earth like dusty shroud.
The wretched natives grovelled in byways,
And ventured not their downcast eyes to raise,
To angry gaze of blood-red tribal God,
Who thus administered his chast'ning rod.
This abject scene was rendered more complete
When swinging planets chanced their ways to meet:
An occultation of the sun occurred,
And brighter day with darker night was blurred.

When evening came to this eventful day
A man stood on the hill above the bay,
And scanned with care the distant sweep of kelp,
In search of fishermen who might need help.
At close of daylight on the night before,
The fishing fleet had left with flying oar;
As time flew past the hour they should appear
The hearts of wives and friends were filled with fear.
But savage eyes and savage uncouth mind,
To beauteous scenes below could not be blind—
The peaceful bay, begirt by brown hills bold,
A turquoise, seemed in bracelet of dull gold.

For ages long had these waters lain,
Reflecting thus the Heaven's stain.
No coppered keel, with white sails spread,
Had fretted the tide in its daily tread;
But the paddle alone of the skin canoe,
Had caressed the waves they sought to woo.
But now, in the span of a moment's play,
We bid, Adieu, aboriginal day!
As the Indian seaward casts his gaze
An approaching ship her sail displays,
His untutored mind greets hull and sail
As the giant bulk of winged whale.

BEGINNINGS.

A towering rock once reared its lofty head
O'er thick-ribbed mountain serving for its bed.
Seeming impregnable, a monster tower
Defying all titanic, fabled power
To move its giant form the smallest space,
Or bend its obelisk height the slightest trace,
A tiny seed, of parent home bereft,
Found entrance there within a narrow cleft,
And swelling with the moisture and the sun
Put forth its slender rootlets one by one.
A sturdy tree in time here cast its shade
Where birds and squirrels quiet homestead made.
One day this sovereign rock, with sudden bound,
Dashed down the cliffs with a mighty, deaf'ning sound.
Incipient rootlets had puissant grown,
One cell of life had overwhelmed the stone.
From minute means comes amplitude of strength,
Capacious growth is measured by time's length.
Invisible lies the force of lusty life,
Unknown the end that follows earthly strife.
As cleaved the hardened structure of the rock,

By trifling seed he long had thought to mock,
So through all life there runs the same small thread:
Colossal strength with unseen causes wed.

Untutored mind could scarce perceive the power
To follow in the wake of this strange hour.
Some mystic Seer was needed to fortell
The springing growth to come from Caravel.
The dropping of the anchor in the bay,
Gave standard royal of the King full sway.
The lighting of the campfires on the beach
Gave Christian light a farther, wider reach.
A plant of precious worth and fair renown,
Sprang up from seed thus wisely, safely sown.
From that hour on the earth was not the same
As it had been, before the Fathers came.

THE ARRIERO.

In Seventeen Sixty-nine, the month of May,
When Juan Perez, an anchorage had made,
In San Diego's clear and tranquil bay,
Portalá moved north with a cavalcade.
Good Padre Serra would not heed advice
To go by sea, or wait 'till wound should heal:
"Think'st thou Franciscan Friars are like mice?
They tarry not in fright, lest nerves may feel."

The second day the Padre's foot became
Too sore to bear the pressure of his weight.
Despite his protests, that he was not lame,
He plodded on with ever slower gait.
In vain the Gov'nor urged him to return
And take a time more favorable to go.
All such appeals the Padre still would spurn
And bravely trudged along, but oh, how slow!

And, thereupon, a litter was brought forth;
The Padre was prevailed thereon to lie,

While on shoulders he was carried to the North
By native herdsmen who had gathered by.
But this was painful to the Padre's pride
And troubled much his patient, loving heart.
'Twas not this humble Padre's faith to ride,
He pitied much the natives' labored part.

Calling an arriero to his side,
The evening of the day the litter came,
He at once began his troubles to confide
And begged the man to try and cure the same.
"Can you not a soothing salve prepare
From herbs and tallows, whose all-healing power
Will these lamed and swollen joints repair,
That I may travel on at daylight's hour?"

The arriero bowed and answered low:
"Am I a surgeon wise, to heal a man?
Good Padre, what remedy do I know?
My work is but to drive the wagon span.
My medicines are made for beasts alone,
Not fit for Holy Friar's sickened limb;
I would not dare to treat thy ulcered bone,
Or try thy swollen ankle joints to trim."

"Then, Son," up spake the suffering Priest,
"Consider this to be a saddle gall,
Allow me for the night to be thy beast,
And occupy a place within thy stall;
And make like medicaments for me,
As thou would'st do for thy own lamed brute;
I know my ills will leave me henceforth free
And thus your lack of confidence refute."

The arriero yielded with good grace,
While Padre Serra lay upon the straw;
The beasts surrounding, in their resting place,
Looked calmly on with reverential awe.
The campfire gave a flaming, ruddy light,
Where the arriero sat his herbs to clean;

Above, the mystic canopy of night,
Hung calmly over this benignant scene.

The ointment made, and ankle dressed with care,
While Arriero knelt beside his charge,
The Padre blessed the work with muttered prayer,
And called on saints their mercy to enlarge.
The pain decreased and Padre slept a while,
When came, to the meek Muleteer's profound amaze,
The vision of an angel with a smile,
Who looked upon him with resplendent gaze.

A lily hand, extending, touched the wound,
And instantly no sign of ill was there;
Then gathering close her gleaming robes around
She floated lightly off in misty air.
When Padre woke he gave a joyful cry,
And drew the arriero to his breast,
Who vainly tried his praises to deny
And place the cure to angel hand most blest.

"What thou hast seen I will not doubt to be,"
Replied the priest to protestations wild,
"Thy love, the healing angel brought to me;
Henceforth I claim thee as our Mission's Child.
Thy miracle shall live, a witness true
Of aid divine surmounting earthly fear,
And teach our wrathful enemies to rue
Their unkind greeting of our work sincere."

From that night on the Padre had no pain;
Thenceforth the ignorant muleteer
Sought every hour true wisdom to attain,
And fit himself to be a Padre's peer.
And well his chosen task did he perform,
A great logician from the Master's den
This arriero did in time become,
In the sacred halls where dwelt these wisest men.

THE FOUNDING OF THE MISSION.



THE MISSION BELLS.

What time since land from waters of the earth
Divided were, and life was given birth
Upon this swinging planetary world,
Which out from sweeping space by law was hurled—
What time, since God had placed his flaming sun,
To light the course where race of life is run,
Had balmy airs of these far western shores
Been forced to vibrate in melodic scores?
To vibrate swiftly, and with blending zone,
Embrace and kiss with love's awakening tone;
Vibrations, trembling with that sweetest bliss
Which flows in ecstasy from love's first kiss.

Since when had Echo, sleeping midst the hills,
Wakened from slumber, roused by rythmic thrills:
'Charmed by the clear harmonious tone
Of metals vibrant from a force unknown?
Since when had undulating waves of air,
Which wandered freely, unrestrained by care,
Soft strains of fleeting minstrelsy to wed,
Pursued those silver sounds which quickly fled?
Which, thus pursued, like virgin maids of old,
Became enamored of pursuers bold
And slackened pace and willingly were bound,
Uniting breathing space with tuneful sound.

Through aeons down, naught but the mournful wail
Of some lone coyote from the mesa trail,—
Or screech discordant falling from on high
Where some great eagle beat against the sky,—
Or angry clash of war where natives wage
A savage strife to pacify their rage—
Was heard through years unnumbered, or the sullen
 roar,

Of wrathful billows, breaking on the shore,
Or thunder's cannon booming out through space,
Jarring the jagged mountains in their place,
Had used these avenues of air which bound
With sweet potentialities for sound.

But now, this habit of long standing years,
To sound the noises of discordant spheres,
Is in one moment quickly overthrown,
And yields to give to earth sweet music's tone.
Chromatic strains which long have lain unused,
Are now through quick'ning stranger airs diffused,
From spirit lands of possibility,
Is born enchanting child—Utility.
The doors of nature ope on rusty hinge
Admitting melodies to thus impinge
Upon the air, which thenceforth, loved to tell
The intoned measures of the Mission bell.

LIST TO THE BELLS.

There speaks a voice across one hundred years,
 A melodious note from a silvery throat.
Hark! How it tells through sounding bells,
 Of gilded hour, when Spanish power,
By noble men with love of conquest moved,
 Unknown to fear, became the pioneer,
 And Mission bell placed here, to tell
The tale of Christ in western hemisphere.
 Hear! Hear! How dulcet clear

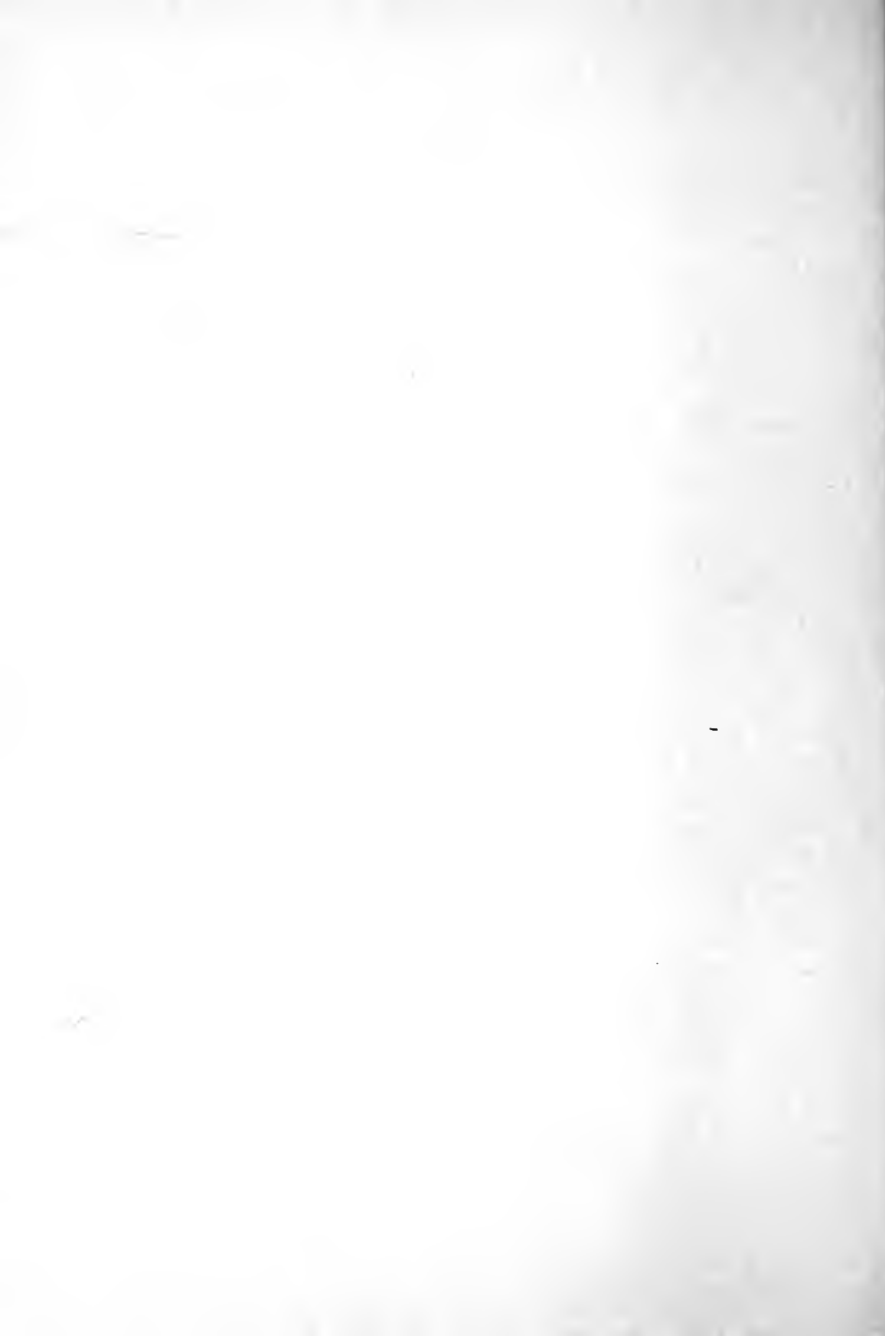
The Mission bell is pealing.
Far! Near! List! bend thy ear!
To catch the music o'er the mere,
Soft harmonies revealing.
The soul of sound upspringing,
Memories so gently bringing,
Sweetly clinging, ringing, ringing.

While sound those tones upon the evening air,
How soft they fall, at vesper's call!
And vision's fair the eyes ensnare
Of ancient days, when Holy Frays
Devoted life to spread of God's great laws.
Mark, how they kneel in sacred weal,
While Mission bell's sweet cadence dwells,
Upon the cause of Christ's divine appeal!
Ding-dell! clear, tuneful bell,
The Mission bell is swaying,
Dong-dell! what does it tell,
What import marks each tonic swell,
From clarion throat thus swinging!
Singing, singing, softly winging
Lullabys are gently ringing.

Again, the vision shifting to our view
Brings fairy morn of beauty born.
The orange trees embrace the breeze,
An incense bland o'erspreads the land,
Awakes the lark to cheer with rippling song.
Across the grass, there slowly pass
In files, to where the white-walled mission stands,
The faithful neophytes to mass.
Rhyme! rhyme! sweet strains sublime
Of Mission bell resounding!
Time! time! speaks forth the chime;
The measured accents scale and climb,
The airs with dew abounding.
Full melodies are bringing,
Ringing, ringing, swift outflinging,
Hozannas deep, are loudly singing.



"Where Ocean in his sweep across the world". Page 12



What meaning have these sounds which flow along
And inundate the hills with choral song?
Which cross the pearly waters of the bay
And idle where the Ocean breakers play?
What doctrine do these music waves expound,
And what the message thus conveyed by sound?
These enharmonic tones from Mission bell,
To lowly savage life must change foretell.
Denote an end to day where flesh and fish
And skins, and furs, engage man's highest wish.
An end to time wherein like sluggish clod
He grovels to the earth, nor thinks of God.

It ushers in the day when light of love,
Shall permeate the mists, from God above,
When love of brother man shall humbly reign
In place and stead of savage might and main,
When peaceful husbandry of virgin soil
Instils those attributes which spring from toil;
When words of Christ, the Indian mind shall change,
And idol worship pass beyond their range;
And selfishness with all its sordid hold,
Shall turn to abnegation's purer gold—
That gold, whose increment of valued worth,
Exceeds the combined riches of the earth.

Did ever sound more feelingly exalt
The hearts of men to o'erlook human fault?
Did ever vibrate in a nobler cause
The gentle airs that lightly go and pause?
Did ever nature thrill with love more sweet
Than that aroused by harmonies complete?
To him who lists to Mission bell's sweet call
His soul serener thoughts will sure enthrall.
The very gates of life will gleam with pearl,
Like petals of the flower good deeds uncurl:

And stars of love for others deign to shine
Where once no ray appeared of traits divine.

A LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

Dame Lopez sits beside her door and weaves,
And whilst she weaves, she sings a blithesome song;
The tiny birds that nest beneath the eaves,
Through music seek the daylight to prolong;
The sinking sun bestrews a warming glow
Of mellow light upon the earth below.

In the Dame's heart is love and joyful rest,
For Fate attends her with a kindly care.
Her life with faithful spouse and child is blest,
The world to her is fresh and passing fair;
Why should she not be gay and lightly sing
Whose pathway leads her through the flowers of
spring?

And as she wove and sang she sweetly smiled,
Reflected back the softened light of day,
Her thoughts were of her husband and their child,
Whom she could hear within the hut at play;
Can there be sweeter music to the ear
Than joyous notes from those we hold most dear?

And now, through opened door, with playful glee
Bursts forth the child, the father in pursuit;
The game, in sport, the older one to see
How 'scapes from guard a wilful raw recruit;
The father is on furlough from his corps,
And thence, with his child, the play partakes of war.

The wager, if to father falls the loss,
Thus ran the terms, conceived in merry jest,
The child should claim and own the silver cross
Which pendant hung upon the father's breast;
A badge of honor given to those men
Who bravely fought the faithless Saracen.

Think not 'tis strange, a trophy of such worth
Should thus be pledged by father to his boy;
For ne'er before, or since, upon this earth
Was fashioned child to give a greater joy.
For beauty and for wit none could compare
With this dear child so fondly cherished there.

A rose did wed its petals to his lips,
His cheeks were tinted with the flush of morn;
His limbs, as active as the bird which sips
The honeyed nectar from the flowering thorn;
His eyes, like sparkling dew, or some bright star,
Gave light to soul no earthly taint could mar.

And now the child the pretty gift has won—
With beaming face he claims the valued prize:
"Dear Papa thought his baby could not run,"
Exclaims the boy with brilliant, laughing eyes.
Within the walls the loving group repair,
Night dons her sable gown with silent care.

* * * * *

Again Dame Lopez sits beside her door,
And now she steepes her sorrow as she weaves;
The trill of happy bird is heard no more,
Alone Dame Lopez lives and works and grieves.
A dark and sullen cloud hangs in the west
And shades with somber hues the home once blest.

Her heart is tuned to sadness and to woe,
Her Fate, in wanton spite, forsook its charge,
The loving father to the wars must go
To find his rest beside the river's marge;
A fever stole the spotless child away—
Her path now leads through winter's cheerless gray.

And whilst she weaves she thinks of saintly priest,
Good Bishop M——, and words that he had said:
"If thou canst not give much, then give at least

Some little thing in mem'ry of your dead.
Give bronze or brass, or trifle e'en less priced,
To form a bell to speak the tale of Christ."

She slowly rose, and sadly pushed aside
The skein that followed shuttle through the loom,
And once again she stood, where oft she cried,
Before the couch that lay in inner room.
Athwart the clouds a bright beam shot across,
And through the doorway gleamed the silver cross.

Within the room, one could observe no change
From that sad hour when her loved child was there;
The little bed, and toys, and still more strange
His clothes arrayed upon the one small chair.
One e'en might think from signs the room could give
The child so free and happy still did live.

"How can I give the cross he prized so high,
The very last that met my dear one's gaze?"
Thus spoke the dame with stifled, sobbing cry,
While still the cross revealed the sunlight's blaze.
She sank upon her knees in sad despair,
The shaft of light illumed her auburn hair.

And while she knelt there came a youthful voice,
Which brought to mother's heart the joyous thrill
That comes with knowledge, that one's dearest choice,
Though long since dead, yet lingers with us still.
She faced the light, her soul enthused with joy,
And saw resplendent in the beams, her boy.

His form was clad in raiment white as snow:
As when in life, his cheeks and lips were red:
The waves of golden light seemed to o'erflow
And spread a streaming halo 'bout his head.
With outstretched arms and eyes that sweetly smiled,
The vision said: "Mother, behold thy child."

"Behold thy child, who e'er lives at thy side;
Who runs and plays and grows in spirit land
With angels, and with Christ does he abide—
So far, and yet so near, we touch thy hand.
For Heaven is not way off in darkest space,
But here on earth, along with life, its place.

"Grieve not, for I am never far away;
Believe in words of Christ with cheerful heart,
And wait with patient cheerfulness that day
When death will bring you where we ne'er may part.
Fear not to give to God my silver cross,
What e'er is kept from him becomes mere dross."

The shaft of sunlit beams now sank beneath
The edge of sea which bounds the land with blue.
Like incense, rising up in curling wreath,
The vision rose and disappeared from view.
The gloomy clouds that once hung dark and cold
Were tinged with evening lights of pink and gold.

* * * * *

Again Dame Lopez sits and deftly weaves,
And whilst she weaves she hums a cheerful lay.
Again the birds that nest beneath the eaves
An evening praise proclaim to closing day.
The sun a moment hangs upon the sea,
A flaming seal affixed to night's decree.

And in her heart is love for all mankind,—
The vision there has left abiding peace,
To live for others, is her rule to find
The royal way to earthly cares' release.
Eternal life stands true to the good dame
Proved, since the eve the vision came.

And whilst she weaves, there falls upon her ear,
From belfry tower at convent far below,
The silvery tones of bells so soft and clear—
The Angelus, in accents sweet and slow.

The rhythmic swells come pulsing up the vale
And hush the notes of murmuring nightingale.

Did not the Bishop say when that dear cross was given,
And Dame had told him of this vision fair:

"This bell, when rung, shall sound in tones of
Heaven—

God hath ordained this by his special care.
To sweeten notes, of Christ to sweetly tell,
The vision bids, 'Put silver in the bell.' "

"And by this gift, the agony and pain
And joy supreme of resurrection morn,
Shall, through the bell, be truly told again,
To cheer our own and bless those to be born.
For thee, good Dame, eternal life is thine:
God ne'er forsakes where once his beacons shine."

On July Sixteenth, Seventeen Sixty-Nine,
Good Father Serra blessed the Mission Shrine,
And raised the cross with ceremonial awe,
To dedicate to Saint of Alcalá—
That holy Saint Diego, whose pure soul,
For virtue, heads the list on golden scroll.
With blessing of the cross and hearing mass
The faithful few, all kneeling on the grass,
Beneath the spreading boughs of stately trees,
Where hung the bell to charm the passing breeze,
Was founded first the Mission, whose great power,
Thus small begun, increased with each new hour.

And here there came in time most noble Friars,
Imbued with zeal for good, whose pure desires,
From here, impelled them farther on their work;
No task too great, their noble minds to shirk.
In ever-widening fields they spread the seed
Of brother love in place of human greed.
Their firmer purpose put to flight the hosts

Of wickedness, which reek with idle boasts,
And subject to the yoke of Holy faith,
They brought in time each native Indian waif
And hither came the gentle Jaumé
To give an added luster to his day.

DIFFICULTIES.

A piñon lay on his needle bed,
The parent pine towering high o'erhead.
It heaved a sigh as it softly said:
"O that I were a full grown tree,
With my branches swaying stout and free;
Thinkst thou I'll ever be tall like thee?"

Then answered the branches, bending low:
"Have patience, your time will come to grow;
Each one builds better than he did know."
"But life is not joy," continued a bough;
"While we have traveled farther than thou,
Rough lies the trail, betwixt then, and now.

"Great obstacles had we to overcome:
Where we did succeed, many succumb;
To get through one's life is quite troublesome.
One first may fall in unsuited place,
Where heat, and moisture, may leave no trace,
Without power to move on life's swift race.

"Again, the flying fowls of the air,
Or beasts of earth make light of one's care,
And ruin one's hopes beyond repair.
Suppose chance brings one to genial ground,
And moisture hath swollen one's girth around,
Remember the perils which then abound.

"The dangers that wait on tender leaf
To unthinking folk exceed belief,
And myriad foes usher in grief.
Worms and insects delight in their prey,

The drouths and storms embitter each day,
Elements hostile our growth delay.

"And when one has come to override
All opposition, to stand in pride
A goodly tree, some patriarch's bride;
Still, there are lightnings, the woodman's axe,
Imperils one's life, one's nerves to tax;
Proving that vigilance must not relax."

"Dear me," said the nut, "then I'll not run,
The gauntlet of evils, every one
That wanton freely under the sun;
I'll undisturbed pass my years in sleep,
From all life's dangers most safely keep.
Better not be, than to be, and weep."

The pine nut knew not that nature denies
The right of a nut her plans to revise;
The nut fell asleep more faithful than wise.
The winds covered her with moist leaf mold,
The sun's warm smile drove away cold,
And the tree curled within began to unfold.

When the pine looked down from a height at last,
Through narrow defile its life had passed,
Where 'gainst its will its way had been cast
It said: "Necessity is the goad
Which urged me on life's perilous road,
I'm now pleased I came, despite the load.

"Given my way, I might have been still
Asleep and mouldering beneath the hill,
'Tis not always best to have one's will."
Advance or die is Dame Nature's rule,
Stagnation is not taught in her school,
'Tis movement 'gainst stone that sharpens a tool.



"Where Undine's chisel carves from night to morn". Page 12

And like the nut, man finds this law applies
To all those things which human hopes comprise,
With this addition, God's plans to fulfill:
Man may advance, or retrograde, at will.
Not like the nut, whom Nature stoops to save,
Man wills to rise, or seeks oblivion's grave.
Strength comes from use, or attributes at play;
The sun o'erpowering night becomes bright day.
Surmounting obstacles will mould a perfect man,
And likewise will round out each earthly plan.
Hard work and struggle paves our road, no less,
There is no royal pathway to success.

This lesson had the Padres learned full well;
They knew the cost to o'ercome the infidel,
To conquer opposition's wiry hand,
To cause to bloom the raw unwilling land.
They knew the enemies of Christian kind:
How savage selfishness is always blind,
And leagues with elements and lazy earth,
To hinder progress on its way to worth.
With patient skill, they seized the hardened block,
And carved and squared a statue from the rock,
A statue beautiful, whose graceful lines,
Bespoke the Christian doctrine, which refines.

THE DRY YEAR.

Cry out ye hills! Give voice, ye plains!
Invoke the Gods to bring thee rains!
The drouth, the drouth, the burning drouth,
Lies dull upon the parching land—
Lies ill and hot as fevered hand,
Or searing breath from sultry south.
Cry out, ye life that droops from thirst!
Give voice, thou sapless forms thus curst!

Exclaim, ye dusty, arid hills!
Remonstrate that thou hast no rills!
The gasping, pining, panting earth,
That languishest for cheering rain,
Is starving slowly of this dearth,
In eager need, nor will complain.
Exclaim, ye barren, breathless days!
Dissuade Dame Nature from her ways.

No spear, nor leaf, nor fragrant flower,
Springs up to bless the rain-God's power;
Nor can the beasts and birds yet woo,
With anxious, wistful, hungry eyes,
One tiny drop from rainless blue
To quench their thirst or ease their sighs.
A tantalizing, fervent heat
Invades the cool of earth's retreat.

Afar and near and everywhere
Lie soils denuded, brown and bare:
Depleted stands the golden urn
Wherein Dame Nature holds her powers,
Absorbed by winds which blow and burn
And dry away her leafy bowers.
The hush of keen solicitude.
Pervades the yearning solitude.

Who lives to speak the sorrows of those years!
Or who may truly count the Padre's tears,
As one by one their enterprises failed,
Until but hope, on shaft of faith impaled
Remained to guide them steady on their course,
To rise at last secure, through God's own force!
For food, the faithful few had sown their grain;
This failed to grow for lack of season's rain.
No forage could be found on brown hills bare,
Although the herders searched with anxious care.
And, add to this, the food brought from below
By day's degrees in smaller bulk did grow.

The hungry native tribes in dull despair,
Whom Padres came to teach and cherish there,
Renounced allegiance to their brothers white
And wrought sad havoc in their savage spite:
Assumed, in fact, that drouth and Nature's woes
Were brought about by presence of these foes;
Refused to place themselves at Mission fount,
Or e'en to list to Teacher from the Mount;
And spurned the Padres' gifts of spirit kind,
But chose to live to christian teaching blind,
Full sore this grieved each faithful Padre's heart,
Yet struggled they to do their chosen part.

Weak Portalá was for a quick retreat
But pious priests would not admit defeat:
Their minds uplifted by religious zeal
Gave less of thought to needy soldier's weal.
While soldiers gave their moments to prepare
The Padres passed their time in earnest prayer,
And prayed a ship might come from mother soil,
And thus insure them bread that they might toil.
Good Serra placed his trust in Patron Saint
To feed the hungry and uplift the faint;
To honor whom they begged to intercede,
A nine days' public prayer was then decreed.

THE NOVENA.

Hail! Joseph, Mary's spouse,
Guardian-father of our Lord,
Chosen head of Holy House,
Hail! We give thee glad accord.

Hail! Joseph, God's sweet choice,
Beloved Foster-father dear;
In thy great glory we rejoice,
Hail! Thee we revere.

O God, who in thy providence,
Ineffable, sublime,
Didst make of Joseph's abstinence
A mark for Holy Time.
We pray thee, that we may be pure
And worthy of His grace;
That through thy love He may assure
Abidance to our place.

We pray thee, whom we venerate,
Us to protect on earth,
May we thy thought most generate
Give to our merit, worth.
Beseech thee, this our hymn and prayer,
Nine days repeated in,
May bring us to Sweet Joseph's care
And cleanse our souls of sin.

And thou, O Holy Patron Saint,
Husband of virgin maid,
We would our lowly griefs acquaint
Nor yet our faults evade.
By our dear Lord, and most pure pledge,
Mary, thy spotless wife,
We humbly crave this privilege:
Thy aid to us in strife.

Free us from all uncleanness,
And give the pure white mind,
And bodies chaste with blessedness,
As those of spirit kind.
Fulfil our hopes with fruitfulness,
Give us the strength to stand
Steadfast in faith and truthfulness,
Thy fortress in this land.

Nine times o'er we'll say the mass,
Nine days through our service keep,
The ninth in solemn conclave pass,

In thy communion, fervent, deep;
In which our Lord by us adored,
Through mystery of Patron Saint,
Will grant the special gift implored
And ease from cares' restraint.

Hail! Joseph, virgin's guard,
Our litany we expound:
Bend mercy's ear to our regard,
Most humble and profound.

Hail! Joseph, chosen one,
Minister of councils high,
Worthy to have a God-born son
Our virtues magnify!

How gently rose and smiled the morning sun
At that momentous hour when time had run,
And brought to birth the ninth of fasting days,
To cheer the earth with its benignant rays.
Surpassing lovely spread the peaceful scene,
The pearly bay shone with an argent sheen;
The barren hills awakened from night's hold,
Outstretched their limbs arrayed in softest gold.
At morning hour the Padres took the heights
And gazed upon the sea, where morning lights
In sportive play skipped gaily wave to wave,
From distant line to shore where breakers lave.

The Fathers had not deigned to eat or rest;
Each hour had they invoked a holy quest.
The failure, or fulfillment of their prayer
Must come this day, or leave them in despair,
For on the morrow, plans had all been laid,
To journey Southward with the cavalcade.
Now slowly passed the morning hours away:
Noon came; and then the closing of the day.

These holy men, in dire suspense and pain,
Reclimbed the hills and searched the sea again,
And strained their eyes, and knelt upon the sod,
And prayed with longings known to none but God.

For it was more than life to noble Friars,
To thus have granted their beloved desires.
It meant redemption of their holy cause,
And proof of mystery, and of God's laws;
It meant the strengthening of their own faith,
And proof that lauded Saint was not mere wraith.
At length the sun sank low beneath the world,
And sank the Padres' hopes by gloom enfurled.
When lo, a sail appeared upon the deep,
A dove of message sent from angel's keep;
Blessed be God! the ship their prayers had craved
Now crossed the bar—California was saved.

THE WET SEASON.

Behold the rain! The eager, prayed for rain.
Awake! Arise! Give voice to thy sweet praises!
All hail! Rejoice! The flowing, splashing plain.
Congratulate! ye quick, upspringing daisies.
Ye grasses, flowers and newly sprouting grain,
Give heed! The Rain! The cheering, blessed rain.

Hurrah and sing! The rain o'erspreads the field.
Unite with birds in tuneful, thankful ditties!
The rain hath come, insuring harvest yield;
Give gratitude to rain-God for his pities!
Go forth and see how merry rain doth wield
Its happy blows upon Dame Nature's shield.

What ho! The Rain! It runs, it laughs, it leaps,
Its rivulets course down the shifting breezes;
It hammers on the hills where Nature sleeps:
In playful mood it patters and it teases;

In angry spite it leaves the rocky steeps
And hastens seaward through the meadow sweeps.

Arise and list! There comes a joyous note
From out each tree, and bush, and from the peeping
grasses:

The song of life o'erflows from Nature's throat,
And lingers on the air when rain-cloud passes;
The singing birds have learned the song by rote:
Hark! How its pulsing sounds they blithely quote!

Applaud with praise! Ring out the roundelay
Of joy! That weeping sky and earth it blesses,
Have brought again, the peaceful, gentle May.
Give hand and heart to natal day caresses!
The bursting buds bestrew their colors gay
O'er swelling hills which tempt the clouds to stay.

Hark! Give ear! Ye busy hum of hours:
The timely rains have steeped the world in blisses.
The lips of Nature, moistened by the showers,
Have waked the sleeping life with ardent kisses.
A host of workers through earth's latent powers
Have paved the way for promenade of flowers.



PADRE JAUMÉ.



NATIVITY.

It hath been said that moulded is each life
By those impressions with which youth is rife;
That these, engraven early on the soul,
Remain indelible as years unroll.
Environment, like queen-food to the bee,
Will make of worker, queen, by its decree;
Will take the shapeless timber of an oak,
And bend it into curves to form a yoke.
Impressions thus become the true alloy
To mix with life to bring it up to troy.

Add unto this, Fate's stern majestic hold,
Which casts each life in some especial mold,
Where atavism works with magic spell,
To keep our traits with forebears parallel.
Add also: rounding, trimming of the mind
The babe from mother's breast doth ever find;
And we have view, though in a slight degree,
Of what man proudly boasts—"free agency"—
An agency, like much of wisdom's lore,
Predestined, handed down from those before.

Some pictured Saint receives devout adore
Of anxious mother on Italia's shore,
And there is stamped upon the unborn child
The features of a Saint, impassioned, mild.

The Indian babe is wild within its haunts;
The city-born, deportment highly vaunts.
The one needs no instruction for his strength,
The other masters grace with childhood's length.
Surroundings, and those laws which precede birth,
Determine place in life and after worth.

The sight of mountains, piercing azure skies
Must give a young child's soul impulse to rise.
To gaze upon the limitless blue sea
Must link the soul to yearnings broad and free.
To rear a youth with eager, longing brain,
Choose table-lands in view of mountain chain.
To widen out the mind of growing man,
Select a spot where he may oceans scan.
For perfect force and aspirations, try
Where crags and seas unite beneath one sky.

The Island of Mallorca is a place
Where crowning peaks uplift a peasant's face.
Encircled by the Mediterranean's brine,
He sees the curve of earth on distant line;
To Southward of this coasthung mountain range
The landscape scenes are picturesque and strange:
The vales of Valdemoza and Soller,
Are sweeps of verdure, visions floating fair;
Their atmospheres are freighted with perfumes
Exhaled from orange orchard's fragrant blooms.

For here, since days of early Roman time,
Has been the home of orange, fig and lime.
Here came the Roman with his conquering tread,
And arts of peace and agriculture spread.
Here, taught they pirate natives, sweets of toil,
To woo the earth and fructify the soil.
Here, when Roman power began to wane,

Were fought intruders by the swords of Spain.
And here, of peaceful, peasant parents born,
Our Jaumé first saw the light of morn.

INFANCY.

A growing shrub is trained to some design
Which thought of gard'ner may alone define:
He dies, and leaves no pattern there to guide
The knife of him who follows to preside.
The shrub is trained to take another form,
And to some new design must now conform.
Is there not here great loss to life and time?
Will it present the beauty at its prime
It would have done, had not the change of plan
Made useless traits instilled when life began?

A purling brook trips merrily its way,
'Tween mossy rocks kept green by dashing spray:
"An individual, am I," it sings;
"A unit in the universe of things.
With pride I trace my lineage from snow;
As I was born thus onward will I flow."
It little thinks, on merging from the mead,
To be consumed by the dark river's greed;
Forever lost, ancestral pride and dream,
In muddy flow of tributary stream.

The loss of parents to an infant child
With happy growth can ne'er be reconciled.
As second gard'ner did to growing vine,
Some one supplants the parents' true design.
Like sparkling brook that held its once proud course,
The saddened child, dark channel takes perforce.
From niche where loving parents did install
The child is hurled by fate, sustains a fall;



“He pitied much the natives' labored part”. Page 28

And lies obscure, 'neath charity's grim gaze;
To rise, must mean, some other one displace.

Some stranger hand, without affection deep,
Constrains the child in proper road to keep,
Or else, with less of sympathy and heart,
Permits the youth to choose an evil part.
Complete suspension there of power of love,
With which the mother guides her youngling dove.
Security and sense of healthful rest
The orphan fails to find on foster breast.
A parent's love cannot oft' be replaced
Or lover's love, by lesser love embraced.

From luckless lottery of ruthless Fate
Was won by Jaumé this sad estate;
Born where the lordly peaks of Southern Isle
Bid tinted skies watch o'er their rocky pile,
While they, with feet immersed in cobalt seas,
Resign their trust to doze in dreamy ease;
With blood of honest peasantry in his veins,
Whose love of happiness outweighed their gains,
Auspiciously began he life's bright day,
When lo, the plague stole parents both away.

BOYHOOD.

The work men do reacts upon the soul;
Each impulse, avocation, will control.
So sure this law, that change a man's employ
You thereby may increase or lessen joy.
Another phase is this of potent rule;
"Environment alone is Nature's school."
There are some trades that follow human kind
Which wreck the strength and sap the virile mind;
And some which tempt the hand of human love
To hide itself beneath unfeeling glove.

While others, no less arduous of task,
From wealth of brain and heart remove all mask,
And gives the soul an impulse for kind deeds,
And constant daily sowing of good seeds.
Of all employment where man's course may run
The Shepherd's calling is the purest one.
It leaves the soul uncankered by distrust.
The heart is burdened not by sordid rust,
The mind, the body, soul, a lesser three,
Reflect the truths of higher Trinity.

How sweet and calm the pictured herdsman's life!
How far removed from taints of worldly strife!
A fragrant breath springs upward from the heath
And skyward wafts the smoke in curling wreath:
The feeding flocks stray idly o'er the moor,
The faithful dog attends on guarding tour;
Beneath a shade, beside the babbling brook,
Reclines the herdsman armed with shepherd's crook;
While o'er this scene bend airy sweeps of sky
Which thrill the shepherd's soul and charm his eye.

The helpless innocence of his quiet flock,
Must tap at hardest heart with gentle knock.
The confident dependence which they place
In his good care must give him gentler grace:
And will, in time, remove from wicked man
Those thoughts of sin which through his mind once
ran.

For who may dwell a figure in this scene
Without an impulse henceforth to be clean?
Or who may watch their bleating flocks afar
Without a touch of light from love's own star?

When Jaumé was left an orphan child,
Dame Fortune, robed as Shepherd, on him smiled,

And bore the child unto a highland home,
And bade him mind the sheep, where they should
 roam.

There, on the breezy hights of upland waste,
Each noble purpose of his life was based.
The kindly shepherd, with religious care,
Instilled a love for truth and virtue there.
He leagued with mountain peaks and flowing sea
To grow a soul, aspiring, broad and free.

YOUTH.

A priest of Palma, in those olden days,
On eyes of little children loved to gaze.
"For there, a God is visible," quoth he;
"A soul unknown to sin smiles out on me.
A confidence, compassion, ever sweet
The eyes of men from eyes of children meet.
A sympathy, writ on an open face,
An innocence, where pride hath left no trace,
I catch from limpid depths of childhood's eye;
It cheers my aging steps as I pass by.

"It matter not how pure," continued he,
"Maturer hearts may strive in truth to be;
The grown have eaten of the tree of life,
Partaken of that fruit where ills are rife;
Have cast a cloud upon those crystal spheres
From which the soul as through a window peers.
Mere knowledge of a sin will stain the soul,
Will leave a mark upon the milk-white scroll;
Forever torn from innocence of things
Is of the fruit that wisdom always brings.

"Self-consciousness is wisdom's first reward;
Awakened is the mind to stand on guard,
To watch the strife of evil thoughts with the good;

To see that each onslaught is well withstood.
To many, thus assailed, is victory given;
Reflected in their eyes is light from Heaven.
In other eyes one sees a soul that fain
Would beg release from sin's debasing chain;
While none are like those of the little child
Whose eyes reveal a soul yet undefiled."

'Twas thus this saintly priest beguiled the time
While he the upland trails would slowly climb,
To minister to distant parish folk,
Whom certain days each year did mass invoke.
While resting by a rock on steep ascent
His mind to this philosophy was bent:
"How like the Christ-life is the youthful mind
Ere sin has cast its fabled net to bind;
How pure, like Christ, might each one be, in sooth,
If they would keep the simple faith of youth."

While thus his brain gave birth to holy thought,
To upland moors his steps at length he'd brought.
A peaceful flock were feeding nearly by,
With their white fleece, the soft clouds seemed to vie;
And Jaumé strode by them with his crook
The while, his eyes were fixed upon a book—
A book, the herdsman, bought for him to read;
A tale of martyrs made through faith to bleed.
To give the boy access to greater light
The shepherd had him taught to read and write.

Unseen the priest approached the reader's side;
But paused, the latter bowed his head and cried.
The boy, observing he was not alone
(For youthful sorrow never would be known),
Quick closed the book, and raised his manly head,
Greeting the priest, who to him kindly said:

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"Why stand the tears in those appealing eyes?
What reads a shepherd's boy to cause such sighs?"
Replied the youth, "The death Saint Stephen had,
I weep to think that people were so bad."

Such eyes as these, the priest had never seen:
Two lustrous depths, o'erspread with azure sheen;
An eye bespeaking every goodly trait,
With sympathy and love compassionate.
While priest and lad their way o'er moors did wend
The priest found one to love—the boy, a friend,
To him whose habit was to judge of men
More from their eyes, than from the tongue or pen,
There came belief that here lay jewel rare—
A perfect mind that craved but growth and care.

Thence, from his mountain home came Jaumé
To dwell with priest at Palma on the Bay;
And thence, through years of patient care and toil,
The priest enriched this field of mental soil.
The knowledge and the arts of that old time
Learned Jaumé ere he had reached his prime;
And journeyed he to Venice and to Rome,
By way of Spain he found a passage home.
With every grace did he his mind endow,
And then, in humble heart, he took the vow.

JAUME'S PUPIL.

When Jaumé had donned the Friar's gown,
He straightway rose to heights of just renown.
But not for soul like his so chaste and pure
Was power and place to prove a sad allure,
He wished to live to serve alone Christ's cause,
To use his gifts in teaching God's pure laws.
The darkness told of the western hemisphere
Like mournful music fell upon his ear.

He felt his duty lay in teaching grace
To sinful ones in that far distant place.

To Mexico, we find, in time he came,
Unheralded with cries of former fame,
But quietly and gently he took work,
Refused no task, though others oft' did shirk.
When work was needed at the Missions new,
His sacrifice again was brought to view.
Then offered he for duty at the front,
To serve as pioneer, to bear the brunt
Of those keen burdens which must come to all,
Who seek new enterprises to install.

How blest was San Diego on that day
When came, with others, Padre Jaumé.
How blest the Mission cause to have a man
To bring to perfect growth its noble plan.
More blest was he whose daily presence knew
The gentle mind of priest of heart so true.
This one, the arriero, who had healed
The faithful Father Serra in the field,
Was placed in Jaumé's especial charge
That he might Serra's prophecy enlarge.

As priest had taught him when he was a child,
Kind Jaumé now his hours and days beguiled
With teaching his good pupil every art
Of which his knowledge had received a part.
He taught the forms of useful handicraft;
Of schools of logic took therefrom a graft,
And planted freely in his pupil's mind
The rules whereby full happiness to find;
And day by day he watched the crude mind grow
Until with wisdom's beauty 'twas aglow.

THE MISSION GARDENS.



REWARDS OF LABOR.

"A wondrous virtue rests in upturned soil,"
Quoth Jaumé to the Mission's child,
While they engaged themselves in garden toil,
Curtailling growth of vegetation wild.
"No healing balsam from tall spruce or pine,
No drugs derived from mineral source,
Will with such certitude man's ills refine,
Or lead the mind along such healthy course
As working hand in hand with Nature's force.

To him who treads the city's busy street,
Or passes time upon a counting chair;
Who tries the burdens of a State to meet,
Or seeks a worn-out body to repair,
Know, that the tranquil healthfulness of mind
Gained from delving in the garden's ground
Is grateful Nature's compensation kind,
Returned by her for gifts of labor found,
With which her worthy purposes abound.

"Mark, while we work, the sense of warmth and love
From breast of Heaven brooding over all;
How fresh turned earth inspires as from above
With newer energies for duties' call.
Note how yon butterfly and droning bee
Bask in the sunshine in their bright array,
And all the land is bathed as in a golden sea,
While souls intoxicated with freedom's play,
Feel sweet release from irksome labor's day.

"We feel a greater interest in all things
When sharing part with Nature in her works:
A nearness to the fount of life it brings,
With all the mystery which therein lurks.
Let's not despise the Gard'ner's humble lot;
A King does not so close to heaven keep—
With care-free mind, by day he weeds his plot,
At night, he crowns his work with sweetest sleep,
While fields of wakefulness all great men reap.

"Responsibilities do not bring joy:
The man without great wealth is happier far
Than he who uses life as pleasures toy,
Or tempts with greed his purer soul to mar.
No man can rise above the reigning God;
And He has placed no ban on honest work;
He blesses each poor toiler of the sod,
And curses him who labor's cares would shirk
As curses He the Allah-loving Turk."

AMONG THE HERBS.

A curious garden had Jaumé,
Enclosed about by solid Mission walls,—
A point of land protected from the bay,
Surrounded else by rippling river falls.
And here were brought, and planted, many seeds,
Which grew and flourished under Padre's skill;
Supplying food, for all their daily needs,
And every want of Herbalist to fill
With potent liquors which the plants distil.
Each land and clime had sent its share and more,
In bulbs and seeds, and rootlets, or in twig,
Which soon a likeness of their parents bore,
In floweret's tiny form, or in a tree trunk big.
And Jaumé had knowledge of each one—
Its healing virtue or nutritious power.
He talked of these to use, and those to shun,
To Acolyte while in their resting hour
They communed in the shade of grapevine bower.

"This is bitter Wormwood, stimulant to stomach,
And that is Monkshood, fevers to allay,
A slight hypnotic power exists in Garlic,
And Aloe's juicy leaves promote the bowel play.
Steep the Marshmallow's roots for pectoral tea,
And Anise seed for soothing flavoring take;
Stramomium causes unwelcome pain to flee;
The Marigold will a tincture for bruises make;
The Tree of Heaven bark keeps man awake.

"Chamomile improves the appetite,
The Deadly Nightshade cures rheumatic pains,
Bryony roots will aid hysteria's plight,
Who chews Sweet-Flag is sure of fleshly gains.
Mary's Thistle a bitter tonic holds,
To flavor which use seeds of Cardamon;
Yerba Santa is good for coughs and colds,
While Leopard's Bane will stay a fever's run,
And increased health by Colocynth is won.

"The aromatic oil of Caraway
Is used to flavor vile and bitter drink;
And he who Saffron takes will bless the day
Its stimulus led him from death's brink.
The Lily of the Valley stirs the heart,
And Colchicum will cure a case of gout;
The Bittersweet will aid, too, in this part,
And likewise put a jaundiced blood to rout,
And cure all nervous pains without a doubt.

"A useful aid in dropsy is Foxglove,
Beware, however, of a lethal dose;
And Hops contain a principle above
Narcotic drinks to stupify the gross.
The Gentian Root and Fennel and Wild Marjoram,—
The root of Yellow Dock and Horehound's top,
Will stimulate the blood with every dram,
Renew declining energies and stop
Their downward course, ere life's strong forces drop.

“Take Pomegranate as a taeniafuge,
Hellebore roots for troubles of the skin,
The yellow flowers of Broom is safe refuge
When teas of Sage o’er dropsies will not win.
Rue is a rubefacient of great heat;
Applied to chest in hard congested cold,
With Dandelion the inward foe to meet,
Will give to life a firmer, better hold,
And cast the will power in a stronger mold.

“As alterative use Elder Flower juice;
Use Thyme in gargles, ointment, or a spray;
The drowsy Lettuce give, so innocent in use,
When coughs and sleeplessness prolong their stay.
Feed scurvy blood on lemon juice and lime,
With Olive oil, so nutritive and bland;
White Poppy juice is ruling King of Time,
And closes wakeful eyes with gentle hand,
And gives disease a timely reprimand.

“Each leaflet, root, and stem, and fruit, and seed,
Holds a potency to cure some human ill;
Each plant that grows, was measured for our need,
The eye to please and bodily want to fill.
There sleeps a tonic in the tops of tansy,
And if a healing poultice you would make
To cure milk crust, then use the pretty pansy;
While leaves of the delicate Violet take
As antidote to bite of rattlesnake.

“Beware how you these mighty virtues wield:
Because they serve a good, take not too much;
The Saints themselves, in moderation yield
Their many blessings to man’s prayerful touch.
’Tis known, that two extremes will surely meet;
Thus, too much good an evil may become;
Supremest cold will sear like extreme heat;
In circle forms the powers of nature run,—
Behold the sweeping orbit of the sun!

WITH THE FLOWERS.

Yet not alone of simples to compound
Does this rare garden Friar's use supply;
But fruits and flowers everywhere abound,
To please the taste and gratify the eye.
To North, and East, are fields of waving wheat,
Nearby, in quincunx rows, the orchards sway
Their boughs of golden fruits in summer's heat,
Contrasting color with the cool array
Of nun-like Olives dressed in peaceful gray.

The atmosphere is charged with Jonquil's breath;
The Lilies idly bask in genial sun,
While Immortelles speak hopefully of death,
Of life eternal when man's work is done.
And here, in sacred soil, beside the well,
With careful training grows a prickly thorn—
A slip of that same tree, so legends tell,
From which was plaited on that fateful morn
A crown our Savior's forehead to adorn.

Some plants were there whose names they did not
know,

The seeds had come from other parts of earth:
Along the paths they grew in border row,
Perfuming every walk with fragrant worth.
And Jaumé had given these new names,
And likened them to gifts of spirit kind:
Comparing them with virtue's highest aims;
While teaching Acolyte pure ways to find
He christened thus the plants with gracious mind:

"This tree with blooms of brightest red,
Is of the choicest human love:
Its flowers, Compassion's fragrance shed,
Reflecting altar lights above.
Forgiveness, this, whose petals bright
All stricken human hearts illumine;
Sustaining hope by softest light,
And gratitude with its perfume;
God grants us this at His commune.

"This plant will perfect virtues show.

Note how its form is like a cross,
How lily-like its petals grow;

Expanding on their bed of moss;
As pure and clean as life of Saint,
I name it 'Saint's Perfection' flower;
Let us o'ercome each evil taint,
And gild with gentleness each hour,
And live remembering Christ's power.

"And this, I call the Tree of Faith,—

Like Faith it slowly germinates,
Appearing first as floating wraith,
Its growth on greatest care awaits.
No sudden burst of Holy weal
May come to him who seeks the way;
One oft' consumes a lifetime's zeal,
A constant striving day by day
To bring about Faith's free display.

"This plant, with humble drooping leaves,

I liken to the heart's repentance:
And with Remorse, it interweaves;
Confessing sin, beseeching sentence.
Like this frail flower's abiding trust,
Let us not cruel Fate lament,
But rather cry out: 'God is just,
Forgive our weakness; we repent.'
For this alone is sorrow sent.

"And here we have the Temporal Tree,

The Tree of Wealth, of Might and Fear.
How strong it seems; how straight, and free;
Greater than all it would appear.
Yet, heed you to my caution well,
While failure seems beyond belief,
Its root contains, within its shell,
The worm of Pride which, secret thief,
In time will bring this tree to grief.

"The rich, who envy would incite,
All cultivate this Tree of Power,
Whose blossoms burn with flame of Might,
Like moths, men seek this brilliant flower.
But envy means the same as hate,
And hate dispels all loving sway;
When bonds of love disintegrate,
The strongest might will soon decay—
Then value wealth as so much clay.

"This Tree of Greatness grows from fear:
An animal instinct men attain,
When mighty kings they upward rear,
And worship them with plaudits vain.
They eat of this to give them force,
The tyrant, jackal, lion, all;
By this, they grow severe and coarse;
Yet mightier far the humble stall
Where meekness came men to enthrall.

"The flower of Love I pointed out
Is solvent of the Universe.
Cohesive force beyond all doubt
Is Love, midst atoms interspersed.
All Love attracts, while Hate repels;
When we sow love, we gain dear friends.
Explosive Hate disperses cells;
On this law Satan must depend,
And evils all his suite attend.

"Not the sacred flower of the Cross,
This Passion Flower of which I speak,
But that baleful nursling, tempest to'st,
Nourished in spirit-natures weak.
How lustrous red its petals gleam,
When hid away from spirit light;
Transparent pale its colors seem
When grown within our purer sight;
'Tis then its virtues we invite.

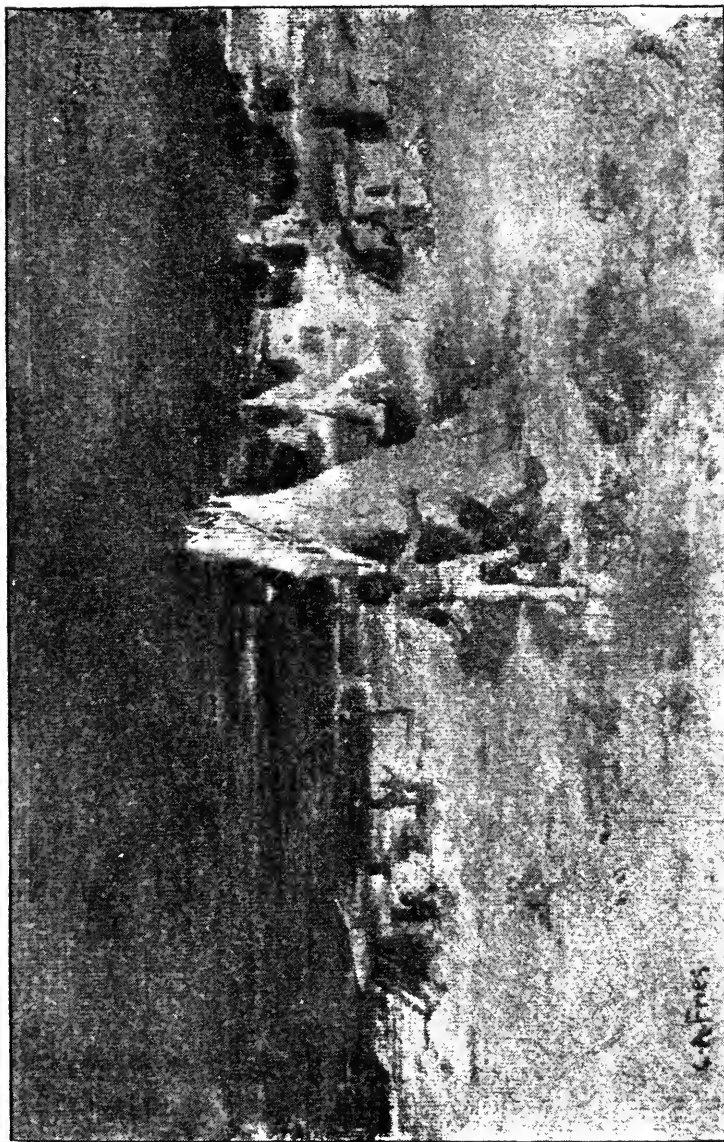
"Its glow when seen on cherry lip,
Or mantling blush on maiden's cheek,
Is nature's finest workmanship.

What greater beauty could we seek?
Yet of this brilliant bloom beware,
Lest it but charm the transient eye,
And steal those other treasures rare,—
Those attributes which deify
When higher uses we apply.

"For when so plucked, these petals red
Wither and fall as frosted things;
The sickening odor of the dead,
About their wasted memory clings.
No Phoenix bird of newer life
Springs from those ashes of regret.
Remorse, with darkness, ends the strife
Of Hell, whose ever-sweeping net
Would teach us God's love to forget.

"We meditate on wondrous life,
Marvelous mystery sublime:
How smallest seeds with powers are rife;
Assuming giant growths in time.
Yet, in each seed, the tiniest cell,
Which later speaks to larger sense,
Lies wrapt in silken coverings well,
Awaiting signal to commence
Its march toward greater consequence.

"If wheat we sow, then wheat we reap,
Our garden toil has taught us so;
Each seed of plant will likeness keep
Of parent stalk whence it did grow.
The same of our own life is true;
If we sow kindness, kindness springs;
All evil sown, will evil rue;
The seed of lowliness oft' brings
A strength to conquer worldly things.



"Then came a distant, deep, intoned report". Page 24



"When darkest cloud thy life surrounds,
And adverse Fate thy wish prevents,
Think not a wilfulness abounds
In powers above to bad intents:
For, whether thou knowest it or not,
Far back in life of thine, somewhere,
Thou hast sown seed, whose ill begot,
Now blossoms forth to meet thy care;
Thou measure gave, and takest, there.

"By no precept, nor act alone,
Does man his brothers influence,
His very being is seed sown
To burgeon forth Benevolence.
All men to others are as seed,
And gender each peculiar fruit:
Here virtues rare, there noxious weed,
Confirm our faith or faith refute,
Refine our souls, or minds pollute.

"A persecuted man implants
A seed divine in persecutor,
The flower Forbearance, which enchants
And breeds Remorse; an earnest tutor.
Remorse will sting through strongest mails,
Repentant hearts will beautify
The blackest sins its blade impales;
The soul its flames will purify,
And melt oppressors ere they die.

"When good men long have suffered harm
And patiently await the end,
More softly falls the tyrant's arm,
Remorse with wickedness will blend.
The kindness of the injured one
With unseen strokes quick passions flay,
Behold this truth in God's own Son,
Who ruled by gentleness that day
And pointed out the one true way.

"God does not hear a chiding voice,
Nor truth to doubting hearts reveal,
But sacred fruit of his own choice
Are hearts which speak in sad appeal.
He loves that soul which prays for strength;
That craves to better understand
His mysteries to greater length;
To such he lends his powerful hand,
To conquer evil in the land."

"As in the realm of fruits and flowers,
So man bears fruit, each of his kind;
Environment like summer's showers
Affects his growth, constrains his mind.
Some, wealth, or fruit of greatness brings,
A few bear fruit of wisdoms' lore,
But most the fruit of little things,
Those blossoms garnered by the door,
Which seem to man of smallest store.

"And each his own true fruit must bear;
The common ones who form the mass,
May never power of Kingdom share;
They are the background, like the grass.
Yet, he who serves some low estate,
Inherits thus the peasant's lot,
Need not repine or wail at fate.
God saves for him the choicest spot
Who suffers on and questions not.

"A multitude does not bring fame,
Content thyself with thine own tree,
Know that none other grow the same
Or such rare fruit as grows on thee.
That while of millions thou art one,
Yet of thy own peculiar growth
Thou art alone beneath the sun,
And of thy value God is loath
To place a doubt above thy oath.

"For there exists no barren tree,
Some useful purpose each fulfills;
God does not deal in fancies free,
But with design all power instils.
Then ne'er despair should thy own fruit
Be formed within a narrow mold,
Man's dimmer sight cannot compute
The many deeds thy heart may hold,
Or know the good thy hours enfold."





PART II.

PADRE JAUMÉ'S TEACHING.



METHODS.

Unlike the precious pearl
With layers from without,
More like a bud's unfurl
Does wisdom o'ercome doubt.
The wise grow from within;
Knowledge may be on-laid,
But Wisdom's discipline
E'er seeks the inner shade.

That soul doth grope in vain,
Whose intellectual hands
Seek wisdom's ripened grain
From outward desert lands.
They grasp but at thin air,
Who search beyond the soul,
With Learning's garish flare
Sweet Wisdom to control.

Within man gleams a light
Upon an altar low,
A flame that e'er burns bright
To guide him by its glow;
'Tis Wisdom's sacred shrine
Where comes the devotee,
To worship the divine—
The truth that sets men free.

Through eye and brain we learn
Of things; through soul and heart
God's presence we discern,
His will he does impart.
The soul may speak to soul,
And tongue converse with tongue,
But notes on wisdom's scroll
Must oft' be left unsung.

No voice, or book, or pen,
May teach Soul of itself,
The writings of wise men
Still rest on Learning's shelf.
For souls are born of truth
And need no outward light,
That they may see, in sooth,
The line 'twixt wrong and right.

Man in his highest state
Is not an exogen;
For wisdom is innate
A swelling endogen.
We learn from words and books
Relations of mere things;
External facts, like brooks,
Arise from hidden springs.

To know such deep-hid source
The mind must look within,
And question of the force
In which all things begin.
We gather from this fount
Fresh growth of wisdom-fruit,
And by its nurture mount
To know truth absolute.

There stands, the soul to guard,
The senses, five in all;
Five gateways to retard

The outward world's footfall.
When these are out of tune,
The defect always brings,
As 'neath the half-lit moon,
Distorted view of things.

As teacher, mow a swath
Through superstitions dense;
The growth of aftermath
Will be intelligence;
As pupil, learn right well
Each lesson for the brain;
All truth, thy soul will tell,
So keep thy senses sane.

Then will the pupil grow
An out and inward man—
The perfect whole to know
Comes only from this plan.
Look inward for the cause,
Look outward for effect,
And thus gain just applause
As one of God's elect.

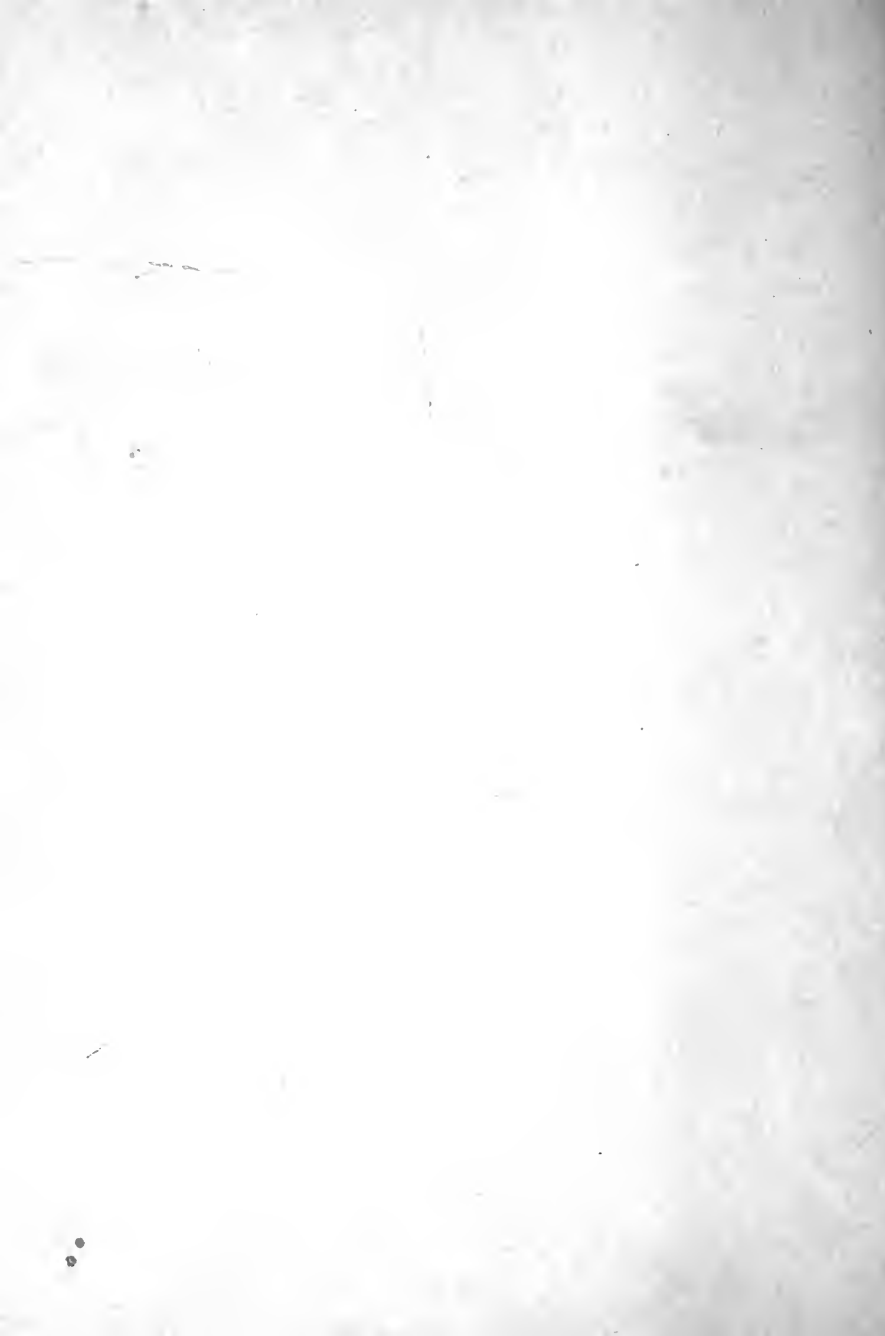
THE FIRST LESSON—HUMILITY.

Why strain for greatness, Son?
Await thy time and place,
Be thou the banks where run
The streams of living grace.
All force is but God's force,
Its life must flow through thee;
Nor canst thou change its course
From that decreed to be.

If thou wert born for power,
Then, at the proper time,
Life's bell will strike thy hour
With clearly ringing chime.



‘And saw resplendent in the beams, her boy’. Page 36



Know'st thou great waters flow
With far more peaceful ease,
Than restless streamlets show
As rugged rocks they tease?

Then calm thy seething soul,
And list for thine own bell;
While waiting for its toll
Apply thy study well
To that which nearest lies
Within thy nature's bent;
For often in disguise
Are greatest talents sent.

For true as arrow's flight,
If thou wert born a star
Thy flame will sparkle bright
Ere thou hast traveled far.
But if thy lot is read
Among the planets low,
Then with contentment shed
Some star's reflected glow.

We know the vault of blue
Contains so many gleams,
That he who would count true
Must number sunlight's beams.
Yet of their countless might
A well known number try,
With steady brilliant light,
To mark the arching sky.

And these to watcher's mind
Are used as signal posts,
And through their aid we find
The lesser starry host;
Whose worth to man is such,
Though veiled in misty gauze,
As keeps him e'er in touch
With Nature's mighty laws.

If it should be thy fate
As planet world to shine,
Thy wondrous light innate
May oft' men's souls refine.
Then take God's sacred gifts,
Content with what is sent,
And show down through star rifts
The glowing firmament.

Whoe'er Pierian spring
Feels welling in his breast,
With greatest ease gives wing
To inner soul's unrest.
To cause its bubbling flow
No effort need he make;
Its own force will outgrow
The strength ambitions take.

For genius is God's mind,
Which works through hand of man.
Like truth, it, too, is blind,
To each small, worldly plan;
Nor dreams of powerful sway;
To self-praise gives no heed,
But with its humble ray
Illuminates each deed.

Does the lofty eagle soaring
The Maker's hand deny?
Or hummer's tiny vibrant wing
Its source of life belie?
Do lions, when the fell
An ox with single blow,
Their hearts with pride outswell,
Or self-praise do they know?

Does the Violet so sweet,
As it perfumes the air,
With arrogance replete
Boast that it is most fair?

Ah! no! True greatness stays
Almost unknown to self,
Nor mars its flower-strewn ways
With sordid thoughts of pelf.

Thus, as the gentle breeze
Wafts Nature's purpose on,
The silken sail that flees
With precious freights anon,
Is Genius, gracious part
Of attributes divine,
Whose chalice cup, the heart,
Holds life's most sacred wine.

Doubt not the hand that guides,
Acknowledge the God within,
For often genius hides
Before this crowning sin.
As beauty leaves the face
When vanity appears,
So weakness will replace
The hope of doubting seers.

I have in mind a tale
This moral to uphold;
How Genius became frail,
Through evils manifold,
And lost its wondrous force,
Endured the heart's keen pain,
Which follows on sin's course
'Till God forgave again.

THE PAINTER REGENERATE.

There lived a Painter at Madrid,
Whose mastery of Art,
From beauty-loving land of Cid,
Drew praises from each heart.
So marvelous his subtle hand

Depicted things that pass,
One well might think his painted land
Was mirrored in a glass.

Each leaf revealed the smallest vein;
His colors perfect lay;
In portrait work both joy and pain
His canvas could portray.
So close and accurate his touch,
The semblance was complete,
Delineating fancies much
Above man's base conceit.

And this great painter had a soul,
As pure as was his work,
His merits headed virtue's roll;
In him no fault could lurk.
His feature's shone with Heaven's light,
Beneficent and mild,
As seen in Raphael's painting bright—
Madonna and the Child.

So high the prestige that he bore
For genius and heart power,
His life they could not but adore
And termed him "Spain's First Flower."
Commissions came from patrons rich;
His every hour of time
Must needs be used to fill some niche
With painted thoughts sublime.

At length his genius to exalt
And highest praise to bring,
He came to paint the chapel vault
Where worshiped saintly King.
A noble picture he conceived,
The tomb and winding shrouds,
With glorious form of Christ relieved
Like sunburst on the clouds.

Amidst the vanity of court
The Painter met his Fate,
Where the light mind of Queen Consort
Could but contaminate.
And now, decline astounding came
To the Painter unforeseen;
With faint light shone the spirit's flame
That once a star had been.

The splendid picture he had thought
The chapel would adorn,
To symbolize as he had sought
The resurrection morn,
Stood half completed on the wall,
His brush refused to trace
The final lines, our gaze to enthrall,—
The Holy Savior's face.

With all his might he could not move
The judgment of God's hand,
His genius thus did disapprove,
Nor heeded his command.
With mind distraught from anguish keen,
He quaffed deep of regret;
In time he fled the evil Queen
And tried but to forget.

For years he struggled with his soul
Until grown old and gray,
He begged God strike him from life's scroll
And shorten his dark day;
Nor yet on him would genius wait,—
Nor inspiration grand
Flow forth, for conscience obdurate,
Ceased not to reprimand.

One night there came to him in dream
A radiant vision fair;
Whose robes shone with the silvery gleam
That fills the heaven's air.

And in her hand a palette bore,
With pigments glowing bright,—
The other hand outstretched before
Enclosed a globe of light.

"This is the lamp of God," she said,
"For which thou sore hast striven;
Again it shines upon your head,
Arise, thou art forgiven.
But let this lesson graven be
Upon thy inmost heart,
This lamp guides not, for him to see,
Who trifles with his art."

The artist woke, and straightway came
The impulses of old,
Again there burned the lambent flame
Of visions manifold.
Again he seized his paints and brush,
And, just to try his skill,
He traced the image of a thrush
Which sang outside his sill.

Then with this picture, fresh with paint,
He bent his aged feet,
Which oft-times lagged with hunger faint,
Along the dusty street;
And thence he came unto the Court
Where he had years gone by
Come gaily in on Fame's report
His skilled hand to apply.

Another King had reached the throne;
The wicked Queen was dead;
From him was sought by this unknown
Safe shelter for his head.
"I'll pay thy kindnesses," he said,
"With pictures like this bird,"—
Astonishment the King betrayed,
At what he saw and heard.

On canvas perched, as if to sing,
The thrush with swelling throat,
Each sat as passing breath would bring
The sound of its clear note.
"Paint thou for me as thou didst these,"
The King to the Painter said,
"Each wish of thine I'll swiftly please,
And favors round thee spread."

Then came the Painter to the room
Where in his youthful prime
He sought to paint the Savior's tomb
With imagery sublime;
Beheld there, standing incomplete,
The work his fall had stayed;
He seized his brush, with movements fleet
And colors fresh he laid.

Nor rested he when perfect stood
This princely theme divine,
But hastened on as if he could
Retaste his heart's young wine.
And from his brush a fresco grew
Depicting man's first fall
And how that sin with course so true
Flows through the lives of all.

And followed this in seried part
To strengthen those who live,
A pictured story of sin's art
And how God will forgive.
And there to-day one still may see,
Embossed on the chapel stone,
The words the Painter wrote so free:
"Like this has been my own."

THE SECOND LESSON—INTEGRITY.

Fear of rebuke will keep men good
Where love of virtue never would.
Love plays less part in making pure,
Than fear that punishment is sure.
Where one is striving, with his might,
To conquer weakness and do right,
A hundred others live life true
Through fear that evil they may rue.

Not drawn by hope of soul's recovery,
But more through fear of some discovery,
Are men deterred from doing wrong,
As through this world they glide along.
One more commandment do they make,
The sting from sacred ten to take,
They put austerity to rout
With these few words: "Be not found out."

How few e'er think of that great eye
Which farthest realms of space can spy;
Whose gaze not e'en the atoms flight
Along the sunbeams blurs the sight;
That searches inmost rooms of hearts
Nor is deceived by cunning arts;
The all-discerning eye of God
Which sleepeth not, though men may nod.

THE PECULATING STEWARD.

The Duke of Palma owned a large estate,
Whose management fell to a Steward's care;
A man who loved to see accumulate
The store of gold which he claimed as his share.
The Duke was honest, and, like all such men,
Entrusted fully to the Steward's hand;
Nor did he ask account in ink and pen
Of valued traffic had upon his land.



"In sportive play skipped gaily wave to wave". Page 45



The Steward thus had absolute control,
With no report to bind his daily acts;
'Twas left between his God and his own soul,
To render strict accounting of all facts.
As time elapsed there grew in his belief—
As often will, when servants are left free—
The thought, though title rested in his Chief,
The lands were his, which he did oversee.

"What could the Master do without my brain
To guide his many interests to success?"
Thus spake the Steward in his moments vain,
When he of self-elation had excess.
"The Duke knows not the tillage of the soil,
His mission is to guide the Ship of State,
His revenues depend upon my toil—
A noble, thus on peasant hand must wait."

It was not long ere such a trend of thought
Led him unto the parting of the ways,
Where "mine" and "thine" are words that sound for
naught,
And specious reasoning the soul betrays.
"If on my skill depends the helpless Duke
For all his wealth, the instrument of power;
Is it not right, and who will give rebuke
If I should add to mine from hour to hour?"

"On all these acres, which he claims his own,
Whose yearly profits are his means to live,
He has not turned a furrow or a stone—
What right have I to idle hands to give?
Where men through money's power ascend the hill
Of fame, to which all eager souls aspire,
May not I, too, by rightful use of will
Increase my gains and thus in time go higher?"

"Where is the sin if I but take my own,
Or that at best, which ought to come to me?"

At very least, to take, will be unknown,
For who is there to hinder or to see?"
'Twas thus he sought to place a healing balm
Upon a conscience that denied his cause;
The soul o'erpowered, before an itching palm
At length succumbs, but ne'er will give applause.

Thence, day by day, he slipped a piece of gold
From out the pile where lay his Master's wealth;
Exulting was his gaze to thus behold
His purse increased in size by prudent stealth.
One night, ere he reclined upon his couch,
As avarice did prompt him oft to do,
He poured the stolen treasure from its pouch
To count the clinking coins, two by two.

And while he sat he raised his gloating eyes,
And where a rustling sound recalled his sense;
Beheld a form which froze him with surprise,
A figure clothed in mail for its defence.
And, through the jointed mail there shone a light
Which filled the room with strange, uncanny glow;
The Steward, all o'erpowered by the sight,
Obeyed the vision's beckonings to go.

The figure led him to an open space,
Upon the crest of nearby mountain peak;
Then pointed upward with his battle mace
But not a word deigned to the Steward speak;
The Steward gazed, and saw from out the sky,
Oh, wondrous sight, a globe of softest fire,
The all-discerning, ever-seeing eye
Of God, to see which noblest saints aspire.

Refulgent rays of loving shafts of light
Poured steadily upon the whole wide earth,
Illuminating darkest depths of night,
Revealing deeds of sin and deeds of worth.
The martial figure of God's angel bold
Now earthward motioned him to turn his gaze,

If he had trembled at this light, behold,
Now deeper still must be his dread amaze.

For everywhere he looked he seemed to see
Through roofs of tile and mighty walls of stone,
All solid things were with transparency
Their inner life to his sense now made known.
Here he saw men arrayed in robber's dress,
With clashing arms dividing ill-got spoil;
There, grouped a wailing band, made fatherless
By hand of murder, now engaged in broil.

And here he saw a man of good repute
Who under night's dark cover evil led;
A woman who would angrily refute
The accusation laid upon her head;
A youth, the idol of a mother's heart;
Another, on whom fame and fortune dotes,
All wed to sin, in secret taking part
As say Forgivers, "In sowing of wild oats."

The Castle Hall of Belbez caught his eye
He shuddered as he drank in all this scene,
The bent form of the Duke did he espy
In prayerful thought, exalted, pure and clean.
And then in haste with nervous sick'ning dread
He turned his gaze upon his own estate,
The glist'ning heap of gold beside his bed
Smote hard upon the heart of this ingrate.
And straightway dropped he there upon his knee

And prayed aloud to God: "Forgive my sin!"
'Tis said the angel left to grant his plea,
For the Steward, waking, found himself within.
There burned the candle deep upon its wick;
There lay the gleaming gold, a tempting store;
He overlooked its value, and sin-sick
Replaced it quickly where it was before.

And ever after lived he true and well,
Accounting strictly for his master's wealth,
But whether dream, or vision, ne'er could tell
That taught him uselessness of secret pelf.
He knew, as all will know, who stop to think,
A sin is sin, no less because unknown;
For who in secret sins, will surely drink
Of deep remorse, unless he does atone.

THE TIPPLING PADRE.

At convent hall in Old Castile
There lived a jolly Friar,
Whom not alone the Order's weal
Enthused in him a Holy zeal
To goodness to aspire;
But, likewise, as the devotee
Of swiftly passing pleasure,
He occupied his moments free,
Hid in the woods where none could see,
In idle, sinful leisure.

Nor thought the monk he did a sin,
While far from brother's vision,
To seek some worldly joy to win,
And break the vows of discipline
Which he held in derision.
"What harm," quoth he, "If I unknown
Released from works divine,
Throw off the care and sins condone
And midst these shady trees alone
Imbibe a little wine?"

"If I awake at duty's call
And haste to my vocation,
On whom will any ill befall
And where do I a sin install
By this light recreation?
It might be wrong if others knew

That I to drink am given,
For in my steps they might come, too,
And quite forget those lessons true
For which our house has striven.

"For few have strength of will as I
To stop when all sufficient,
Thus I, alone, am formed to try
Those earthly joys which gratify
The minds of men proficient.
Thus I alone of all our men
Am proved the one exception,
Retaining sense of clearest ken,
And with a heart untainted, when
I practice this deception."

'Twas thus the Padre tried to ease,
And give a balm to reason,
While he his baser self to please
Sought his lone nook amongst the trees
On every timely season.
At length, we know the lesson well,
This one sin brought a brother,
For where the life, that will not tell
Where one sin in its course befell
This sin begot another?

For evil, like the silly snake,
By its own pride is blinded;
'Twill hide its head and seek to make
Fair virtue think it would not take
One jot from those best minded.
And thus it was with this vain Friar,
Who thought his own creation
Was o'er his brother's so much higher,
That he could safely stem desire
And taste each delectation.

At last there came that certain time
When manhood is forgotten,

While wrong is reaching mature prime
The manly powers all downward climb,
The end is one besotten.
His raiment and his hands and face
With drunkard's grime were soiled,
No more sought he the accustomed place,
With sin he entered on a race,
In constant wrong embroiled.

Adrift upon the public way,
A derelict he floated,
With begging drink (he could not pay)
He dragged along from day to day,
All ragged, dirty, bloated.
The hopeful Abbot of the Hall
Had taken steps most ample,
To check the brother in his fall,
And to this end forgave him all,
If he would turn example.

But kindness of this gentle sort
The drunkard ne'er regarded;
In vain the Abbot did exhort,
Receiving back some sharp retort,
'Till he his ward discarded.
One day the Padre chanced to meet
A home returning Trooper:
At wine shop in the village street,
They drank, while moments hastening fleet
Reduced them to a stupor.

Some waggish knaves in wilful play,
Their idle hours beguiling,
Exchanged the robe of drunken Fray
For tinselled garb of Trooper gay
Amidst much coarse reviling.
Two asses straying through the town
Were brought into possession,
On these they bound the soldier clown

And guard enrobed in monkish gown,
And started a procession.

As through the streets they passed along,
These wanton scapegoats leading,
The noisy shouts and rowdy song
Warned the Alcalde that some wrong
Awaited his stern heeding.
He came with pomp upon the scene,
Upbraiding knaves severely,
And bade the Gendarmes intervene
And place the drunken sots obscene
Where they'd be dealt with dearly.

It chanced the Abbot, ambled by,
The crowd drew his attention,
Saw there a sight which froze his eye,
His Order's habit he did spy
Disgraced beyond all mention.
To save the robe at any cost
From such great desecration,
He felt he must, though all was lost
To him whom wine's red wavelets tossed,
Inviting execration.

It came to pass, the drunkards two,
Without more provocation,
Were sent, the one, for Monk's review,
The other, camp life to pursue
With furlough's revocation.
But as you guess, I trow, full well,
Without more explanation,
The soldier went to convent cell—
The monk in guard-house came to dwell,—
An awkward complication.

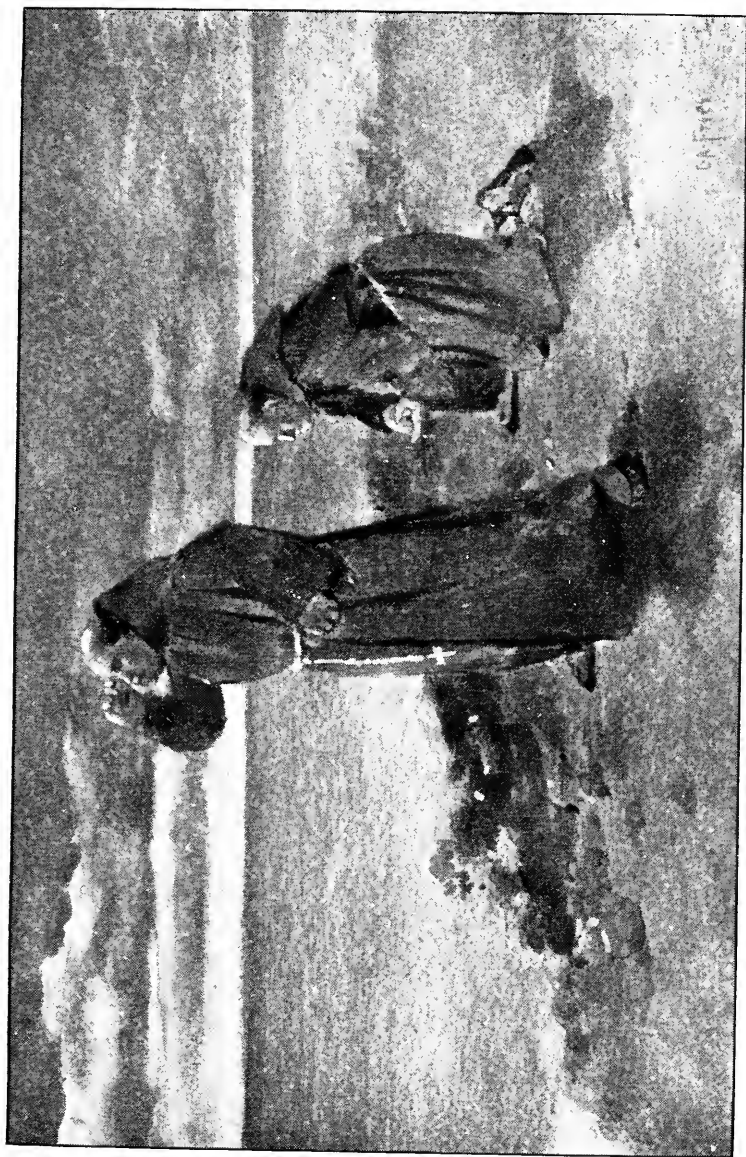
Imagine, now, the perplexed stare
When wine fumes had departed,
Of the soldier held in Abbot's care,—
And Monk arrayed in Trooper's ware,

To which each had been carted.
Imagine, too, the deep amaze
Of Guards, and Abbot higher,
When each beheld their captive's ways—
The one, a Soldier fat, who prays,
And one, a swearing Friar.

But time grows old with creeping pace
Nor by man's will is bended,
E'en such a tangle 'twill efface
As Monk and Trooper changed in place
Were by new cares attended.
Through patient work of the Abbot kind
And with much wise discoursing,
The Soldier grew a gentle mind;
The Monk, however, failed to find
His duty without forcing.

One to the wars was whirled away,
Despite his protestation,
And one in convent walls did stay,
Increasing strength of heart each day,
Through fleshly abnegation.
And each believed some higher power
Than that which man professes,
Had crossed his fortunes in an hour,
When Fate unfriendly chose to lower
From out her dark recesses.

As years rolled on the Padre Guard
Restrained from wine's depression,
Grew in his Officer's reward;
The Trooper Monk by studies hard
Had likewise shown progression.
And each had learned that lesson dear,
Experience, the teacher:
The wine cup to behold with fear,
Lest it bedim the vision clear
And blot each manly feature.



“And strained their eyes and knelt upon the sod”, Page 46



At last, when peaceful days were born,
The army home returning
From convent gardens heard the horn,
Which roused in Padre Guard forlorn
Fair memories most burning.
To list again the Abbot's tongue,
His inmost soul was reaching;
To dwell his brothers there among,
Where lived he when his years were young,
His mind was most beseeching.

A convent life to lead again
Permission he secured;
But how could the Abbot wise sustain,
Conflicting tales of Padres twain,
His waking hours endured.
Each Friar held he was the one
Whom Convent roster claimed;
And each declared that he would run
The good course whereon he'd begun,
Though both were likewise named.

The Abbot now, with logic wise,
Which both Monks loud applauded,
Proclaimed that thus did God devise
To soften hearts who would Him prize,
And whom his mercy lauded.
That now his convent would contain
Secure, a sacred treasure:
For nowhere else in Holy Spain
Had Padre's glean of scripture grain
Brought forth such double measure.

THE THIRD LESSON—HOSPITALITY.

All things are sprung from one and self-same seed,
The fragrant flower, and noxious growing weed;
The grov'ling serf and mighty potentate
Are all expressions of Life's proud estate.

In Adam first came life in form of man,
Continuing on as it at first began;
The spirit principle, the spark of God,
To burgeon forth in ever-living sod.

Since Adam is one Father to us all
Those duties of relationship befall,
Each human to his fellow here on earth,
As family shows ties of love in birth.
Each one unto the other is the same;
Who this denies his brother, puts to shame
The ruby flow which Adam's blood instilled,
And leaves the law of Nature unfulfilled.

Not only does this brotherhood apply
To grosser sense—those things which tempt the eye,
As food, and drink, and clothing for the poor—
For these we give in pity, to be sure;
But further, yet, should man's wide love bestow,
To guide his brother's steps, ere far they go.
His duty lies midst those where he may dwell,
To see that no poor brother goes to Hell.

One often hears: "'Tis no concern of mine
If weaker brother to such ways incline:
'Tis not for me to take this added care—
Am I my brother's keeper? Answer there."
Would such a one permit his dearest child
To take those paths which lead to errors wild?
No? Then, for Father Adam, let them see
That all of his dear family are kept free.

Thus Hospitality, the dearest claim
That we can make in memory of Christ's name;
Not only to bestow life's worldly gifts,
But feed each soul with food which soul uplifts;
And open wide the doorway of the heart,
That each, of God's great love may take his part.
Who fails to adopt this rule to guide his life
Like selfish peasant ends his day in strife:

THE PEASANT'S GATE.

A peasant of Mallorca owned a field,
Across which ran a pathway to the town;
Along this path came gallant Knights with shield,
And beggar men, and Monks with somber gown.
This pathway lessened distance quite a mile,
Which travelers would perforce have had to go,
Had not the peasant placed thereon a stile,
And other acts of mercy deigned to show.

This path ran straightway by the peasant's cot,
Where stood a well of sweet and cooling drink,
To those who journeyed when the sun shone hot
'Twas good to tarry by its shady brink.
And God dwelt in the humble peasant's heart,
Who, to all comers, gave most kindly word;
He welcomed every traveler in good part,
And begged, the poor, to share his frugal board.

Above the stile he placed a painted sign,
That they who passed along the road might see:
"All men are welcome here," bespoke the line,
"The rich, the poor, no matter who it be,"
And year by year as pilgrims came along,
They read the sign and sought refreshment there;
The peasant's kindly deeds were writ in song
And many blessed his memory with prayer.

And blessings rested on the peasant's field;
And fortune's gifts upon the peasant's head;
Each year the soil gave forth prolific yield
And earthly riches on its owner shed.
Despite the treasures which he daily gave,
And food and raiment to them all supplied,
His fame grew like the tide's uprising wave,
His lands and goods still grew exceeding wide.

Adjoining his, he purchased Manor lands,
With ancient castle in its grim array,

His neighbors thought he melted gold from sands,
So brightly shone the prosperous sun of day.
And year by year he grew in strength and power,
The reason of his growth no eye could see,
Fame spread for him her quickly springing flower
And gave him title as a great Grandee.

The little cot beside the sparkling well,
He left, to live within the castle hall;
And sordid greed upon him cast its spell,
And evil sought his spirit to enthrall.
Where once the welcome stile stood to invite,
The weary traveler there, to wait:
The pathway he had covered up from sight.
And hung thereon, a barred and fastened gate.

And where the welcome words once did appear
To lighten weary travelers on their way,
Was painted: "There is no admittance here,
Who dares to trespass will most surely rue the day."
The well was covered o'er with heavy top,
The bench where once the travelers took their ease,
Was moved away, that no one there should stop—
All this the peasant's changing heart to please.

One day there came a mendicant in want,
From pilgrimage to celebrated shrine;
His form from enforced fasting had grown gaunt,
To rags was worn his raiment once so fine.
He oft' had heard before of peasant kind
From lips of other travelers on the way,
As he approached the well, he had in mind
To rest him there, from broiling heat of day.

But when his weary feet had reached the spot
Where he was told the welcome stile would be,
The pathway to the cooling well was not,
No sign of cheerful greeting did he see.
But there instead a locked and barred gate

Forbidding held its pales against the sky,
While painted words described the wretched fate
In store for him who dared an entrance try.

Beside the gate the peasant chanced to stand—
Or rather he who had been kind before—
And now, dressed like a noble of the land,
He challenged every passer to adore.
Of him the dusty pilgrim asked the way
Unto the far-famed humble peasant's home,
Expressed the wish to rest from heat's fierce ray
Ere on his journey he should further roam.

The man in silks and royal velvet gown,
At this in anger flushed, and quickly said:
"Begone! you vagabond, and rest in town;
That foolish peasant, praise the Lord, is dead.
No human cattle are admitted here;
Had he been less a fool in days gone by,
Much wider would have been his worldly sphere—
As crowned King might he now sit on high."

The weary pilgrim turned upon his heel,
And left the lordly peasant all alone;
His hunger caused his tired form to reel,
He thought to find a rest by wayside stone.
And rest he found; for, from the sunlit sky
An angel came and took from him his life.
He murmured not, nor uttered painful cry,
His glimpse of Heaven had hid all earthly strife.

Moreover, at the gate the angel paused,
And rested her new burden on the grass;
And rob'd in beggar's garb, her magic caused,
Implored the angry peasant that she might pass.
Again the sullen man, in spiteful mood,
With wrathful vengeance cried: "Away! make haste,
Why seek my lands to cross, why beg my food;
Is gold so cheap that one should make it waste?"

The angel now turned to a thunder cloud,
And let her mighty energies rebound;
The peasant shrank away, his spirit cowed,
While lightning razed the gateway to the ground.
From that time on the peasant's woes began,
Calamities pursued him on his path,
And one by one his proud possessions ran,
And hid themselves from sight of God's great wrath.

The Manor Castle with its large estate
Was taken from him by the grasping king;
Nor was there left the field where stood the gate,
Nor little cot beside the bubbling spring.
Adrift upon the highway was he turned,
To beg his daily food from kindly hand;
Where once the hungry beggar he had spurned,
He stood, a wretched outcast in the land.

MINOR LESSONS—CHARITY.

All men are good.
'Tis true that taints,
May hold their names,
From list of Saints;
Yet, such a thing
As wholly bad,
'This God-made earth
Has never had.

Deep down within
The vilest heart,
There hidden lies
A better part;
Which only waits
Thought's silent blow,
To upward spring
And larger grow.

The murderer
Still keeps the form

Of God divine,
As he was born.
And in his soul
An impulse mild,
Retains the trust
Of little child.

Retains the faith,
And holds secure,
The inborn pearl
Of spirit pure;
Which sacred drop,
Like Holy dew,
Reflects the light
Of Heaven's blue.

Man is not left
To fight alone
Temptation's wiles,
With heart of stone;
But in each mind,
A tiny flame
Illumes the path
Which leads to shame.

For conscience sounds,
Like clanging bell,
To guide man's steps
From gates of Hell.
Though long unused,
Its rusty throat
Will still peal forth
A warning note.

An evil mind,
Imbued to strife,
Will yet incline
Toward higher life.
For there, within

The savage breast,
The dove of peace
Hath made its nest.

Hath made its home,
Unknown to him,
Who soon may hear
Its cooing hymn;
And there awaits
Good time to bring
The soothing grace
Of its soft wing.

Thus, things of ill
Contain some good,
Which man might see
If he but would.
For God ne'er made
A useless thing,
But fashioned each
Some light to bring.

Some light to bring,
To point the way,
That leads unto
Bright Wisdom's day.
To lift our thoughts
From common source,
To meditate
On spirit force.

CONTENTMENT.

Yearn not for unattainable things,
Contented be with thine own sphere;
Mere idle longing always brings
Resentment of conditions here,
And taints the crystal fount of truth
With colored fancies of the mind,
And clouds the soul-light which, in sooth,
Man needs, his joy on earth to find.

Long not to be some other one,
In other place than where thou art;
Such wish makes vain the course we run
And breeds base envy in the heart.
Crave not for riches, or for power,
Or futile incidents of life,
These serve man not in that last hour
When he is called hence from worldly strife.

Why should a poor man long to be
A man of wealth, or some great King?
The feathered bird is yet more free,
Who sits and plumes its downy wing.
For it has light, and love and joy,
And blithely sings without one care;
The great to keep their valued toy,
The keenest watch and dread must share.

The poor man toils throughout the day
And sinks at night to sweetest sleep;
The rich man halts not on his way,
But e'en through darkness watch must keep.
The peasant in his humble cot
Enjoys the warmth of loved fireside;
The King in palace chambers hot
Is worn with wars and foolish pride.

This rule for life will serve thee well,
And bring thee happiness in store:
In peace with all thy brothers dwell,
Deserve thy good, and merit more.
Crave not, wish not, learn to live,
In calm contentment and true love.
For all thou hast, more learn to give
As offerings to God above.

This rule permits ambitions clean
To stir thy being in their quest;
But in pursuit let it be seen
Thou strivest only for the best.

This done, thou'lt know, although thy place
In life began exceeding low,
The end will find thee in the race
Beyond where thou hast sought to go.

THE ADVENT OF SIN.

One day a ship
Of strongest build,
With richest stores
And cargo filled,
Set sail upon
A sea of glass,
With fairest winds
To aid her pass.
Ne'er ship had sail'd
With better hold,
On Fortune's smiles,
Or merchant's gold.

Yet when her course
Had scarce begun
Her sands of time
Began to run.
A crevice small,
A careless joint,
Of her proud strength
The one weak point,
The sea let in.
With small degree,
Which ate in time
An inlet free.

And this fair ship
Of strongest form,
The waves engulf'd
Without a storm.
No fearful rage,
Or sudden burst

Of Ocean's fury,
Did their worst;
But there upon
The sad sea's wave
This ship sank down
To silent grave.

And thus it is
With each man's heart;
Sin conquers not
By sudden start;
Nor takes alone
The grosser kinds,
But vassals make
Of brightest minds.
A little leak
Admits some sin,
Which soon corrupts
The heart within.

Beware, my Son,
Of smaller ills,
Their place in time
A large one fills.
When first begun
'Tis thought so small,
But soon it gains
A sway o'er all.
We each must use
Strict discipline,
And thus resist
The first small sin.

JAUMÉ'S PRAYER.

Oh Heavenly Father, pray, let me see
Thy highest wish
Fulfilled in me.
Pray, let thy glorious purpose shine
On every one,
By act of mine.

Pray, let my fragile heart and mind
Dwell all on thee,
Thy works most kind.
Pray, let my breath an incense be,
And ever praise
Thy just decree.

Pray, lead me in the way I ought,
That I may lose
Each wicked thought.
Pray, let me see, as in a glass,
My many sins
Before me pass.

Pray, teach me ever, how to pray,
Increase my grace
From day to day.
Pray, take me, when my work is through,
To thy bright home,
Thy bosom true.

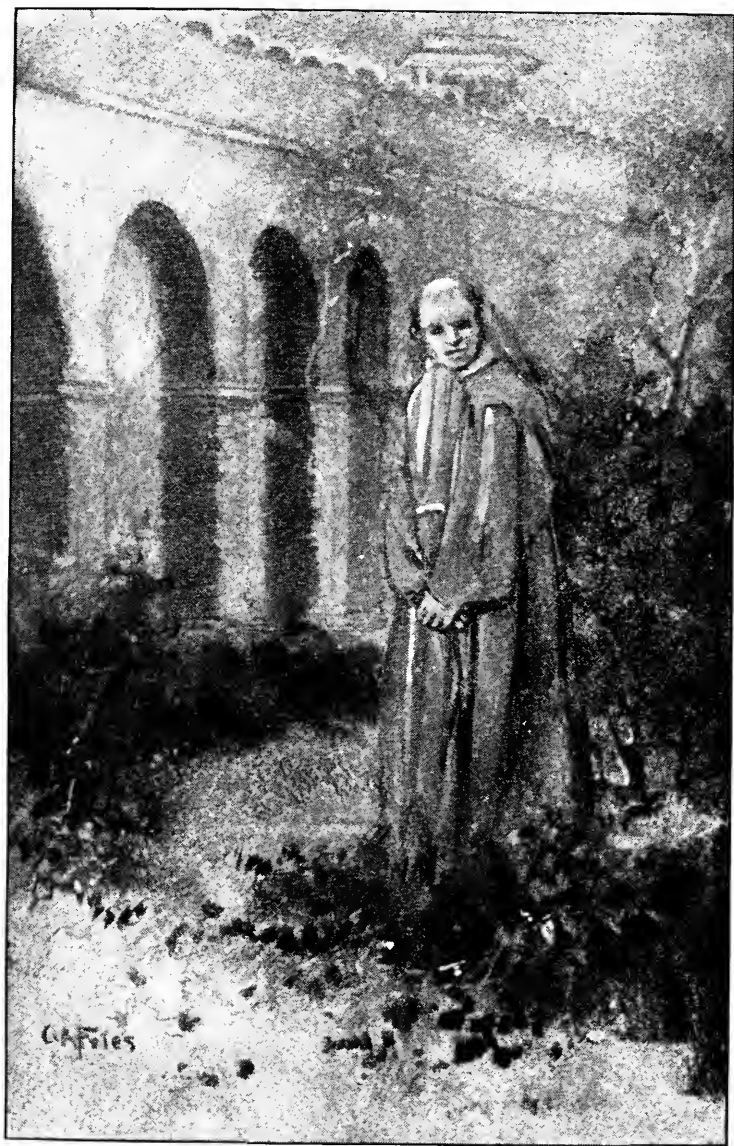
LESSONS FROM THE PAST.

We know how came the fall of ancient Rome;
How Greece forsook her wise and golden way,
And Persia lost her just and powerful sway,
How Egypt's wilds engulfed an Empire's home.

We know how oft' the tide of human life
Has beat upon the shores of highest state;
And then, impelled by some relentless Fate,
Returned to never-ending scourge and strife.

Why should man leave the height on which he stands
And lose that which he struggles to maintain,
To find his level on a lower plane—
The prize forever lost 'neath shifting sands.

The story's old, so old 'tis thought untrue,
Or thought unfitted for our modern time;



"Along the paths they grew in border row". Page 61

But far more fit to gild some olden rhyme
Of some quaint land far hidden from our view.

Yet hear, my son, lest we in error meet;
The time is ripe. Our country is the place
Where strikes the tide, the highest in the race,
And sounds the signal for a quick retreat.

For Rome would stand today, had honor's crown
Been kept unsullied by her mighty kings;
And but for lust of gold and worldly things
Greece might still retain her fair renown.

What learn we, then, from lessons of the past?
Do they convey no insight of God's will?
Shall we in reckless pride continue still,
Or shall we list and check a downward course too
fast?

For this is true, aye, as the needle dips,
That tides sweep backward as men stoop to sin,
That wealth and ease let vice and beggary in,
That peace and freedom fly when virtue slips.

AMBITION'S WORM.

Why do men long to be great and rich?
To excel in forms of worldly power?
Why do men crave to adorn some niche
And lengthen each day to midnight's hour?
Why do men jostle in market place
And forever strive to win each race?

Do they not thus sink life's finer force
And shorten the span of earthly years?
Do not their features grow seamed and coarse
And age creep in through its vale of tears?
Why launch our boats on stormy seas
To be driven where soft words cannot appease.

There is a worm, a merciless worm,
Which gnaws forever at souls of things;
Its presence these yearning hearts confirm,
They are goaded onward by its stings.
From this comes all longing for higher life,
This reaping harvests from fields of strife.

COMPENSATION.

All men receive what they deserve,
From this law God will never swerve.
Correlative exists this rule
With one: "As man do sow, they reap."
Nor will this yield to ridicule;
Or watchful justice ever sleep.

Affliction to each heart is sent
To test the scope of discontent.
Think not "'Tis Fate's malicious spite,"
For how does misery give God joy,
Or man's sad failures Him delight?
He does not wantonly destroy.

All patience, truth and kindly love
Must be rewarded from above,
A pendulum, pressed to its far arc,
Will swing as far to hither side;
When sorrows reach their lowest mark
Life's flow returns on joy's full tide.

Our earthly eyes may not discern
The compensation that we earn,
Ofttimes an honor comes to one
Whom we conceive below ourselves;
Whom we have thought to ever shun
With haughty pride, some serf who delves.

We feel our lives dejected, poor,
To see such man some height secure.

We say: "Why should this higher gift
Be thus bestowed on common sward,
While we who practice greater thrift
Deserve instead this rich reward?"

Beware of such ungrateful thought,
Lest thy own prize be dearly bought.
Leave judgment unto God alone,
For He may read the inmost heart;
To Him all hidden faults are known,
He values truth far more than art.

A villain lives, but still doth smile,
No one is misled by his guile.
Again, some outward, wilful deed
May thoughtless flow from some pure mind.
We know 'twas through a lack of heed,
And prompt forgiveness there we find.

'Tis not in measured scales of gold,
Man's scruples thus are bought and sold.
His standards are for spirit weight;
Man deals alone in earthly things,
And thinks God's measurements but Fate
Which curses life with barren springs.

Wise men adore, with faith of youth,
Forever Honor, Glory, Truth.
Think not thy life hath missed His gaze,
For He who counts the sands we see,
And forms each bough of leafy sprays
Doth likewise keep His watch o'er thee.

GREATNESS.

There is no compensation to the great
Which equals that of humble man's estate.
To be great is to be admired of few,
For many with hatred good fortunes view,

To be sought by some for the reflected glow
Which a star on satellite will bestow;
To be a stone in some other one's way
Who seeks to maintain a similar sway;
And to end with paying a common debt
Which even a beggar may not forget.
The great, like the small, are food for worms,
The truth of this the past confirms.

And after death, what gain has greatness then
O'er that of most obscure of humble men?
What cares the thoughtless skull and senseless bones
For all that pile of monumental stones,
Which Pride erects with ostentatious care
To mark the earth which greatness comes to share?
Where now is all that splendid pomp of kings
Which legendary stream from far time brings?
Does Alexander's spirit swell with pride
Because his fame is sung at each hearthside?
Does Caesar rest more sweetly in his grave
Because the world still speaks of him as brave?

In analyzing greatness, we will find
True greatness rests alone in heart and mind,
And often springs from humble tiny seeds,
And shows itself in doing kindly deeds.
While that the world calls great is but acclaim
Which hero-loving people give to fame.
Yet, who so great, that nature's lightest touch
Will not remove the crown from his vain clutch?
If greatness thus adored could conquer death
All men would homage pay with bated breath;
But as it cannot, let us strive to gain
That simple greatness which the good attain.

AN ESTIMATE OF MAN.

The quiet strength of manly men,
As shown in daily war of deeds,
O'ercoming troubles on the way,
Giving to each other's needs,
Is greater far than sudden flight
Which marks some vaunted hero's part,
Which serves alone the outward sight,
While failing oft to sooth the heart.

Is worthier far than proud acclaim,
The fulsome plaud of sounding praise,
That echoes back a warrior's fame
In ever-varying phrase.
Enduring more than gilded crown
Some warlike king may proudly wear,
And better far than fair renown
Which most capricious virtues share.

Disparage not thy lowly life,
Nor deprecate thy feeble name;
Thy day with glories may be rife,
Laurels may thy praise proclaim,
If thou wilt persevere with zeal,
To perfect well thy noble plan;
And serve with care thy brother's weal
And help uplift each fallen man.

Then may'st thou of a King be peer,
Thy seat may be in the highest place,
Albeit thou art a Muleteer,
Despised of the populace.
This secret of God's Holy Word
Will be revealed to poor unknown,
And point to earthly heights which gird
About a splendid, permanent throne.

AN ESTIMATE OF WOMAN.

Woman, and her gentle power,
Represents the fairest flower
That in human garden blooms,
Cheering life with its perfumes.
Or, more like some beaming star,
To be worshiped from afar,
Whose unerring, kindly light,
Leads our feet in paths of right.

When we meet a comely face
We perceive kind heaven's grace,
It gives our hearts diviner thrill
Fulfilling a holy purpose still.
We turn, and follow with our eyes,
Behold, an angel in disguise;
And are exalted by the sight,
And carried up to spirit's height.

Whene'er our minds are fashioned true
No passion's heat will beauty brew.
But purest flames of spirit fire
Will guide our minds to regions higher,
Our natures, then, like clearest glass,
Will beauty's rays admit to pass;
Nor taint the same, by lower thought,
With colors from our passions caught.

BEAUTY.

A pretty woman is an inspiration,
Poetic Nature's most refined creation.
Her magic scepter rules with force unseen
O'er all the world which proudly calls her Queen.
All earthly grandeur is her proper prey;
O'er Kings, and iron hearts, she holds her sway.
Creative art attests her mighty power,
With finest gifts of mind, to deck her bower.

Why ask: "How beauty thus should hearts incline?"
'Tis God's great purpose—His mystery divine.
There lies engrossed on perfect human form
A lovely grace our frigid hearts to warm.
For not alone to be possessed by one,
Is beauteous woman's mission here begun,
But rather to reflect that higher love
Her prototype, the angels, shed above.

Her brighter face or shining eye uplifts
Our minds from thoughts of common gifts.
Her beauty teaches us to truly prize
The angel-soul that beckons from her eyes.
For this alone was beauty placed on earth:
To lead man's mind to value higher worth,
To thrill with longing thoughts his inmost soul,
Uniting man with God in perfect whole.

Despite the power that Beauty boasts to share,
As ruler o'er the earth, and Queen of air,
There lurks within her breast a hidden foe,
Whose greater strength may prove Fair Beauty's woe.
A thief of virtue, and the source of pride,
It steals from homage and will loves o'erride;
In ambush lurks for bright humanity,
This wilful sprite men term mere "Vanity."

Let Beauty heed before all hope is lost,
Ere each sweet bloom succumbs to blighting frost
Which haughty pride puts forth with deadening chill,
The selfish biddings of self-love to fill.
For beauty flees when vanities engage,
And youthful grace contracts the lines of age.
Self-love is poison of most virile power,
And steals the perfume of each fragrant flower.

Each gift of form and heart is mind divine,
And held in trust to beautify life's shrine.
Let none believe the talents they possess
Are molded from their clay through mental stress;

Or dare an unjust vantage to uplift
From rays of light received as Heaven's gift;
The end of such a course is sure to fail,
The truth of which revealed is in this tale:

THE VAIN QUEEN.

An Andalusian peasant maid
Was noted for her beauty;
Great knights before her presents laid
And knelt in bounden duty;
And ladies came, in silken train,
Her beauty-secret to obtain.

In all the land there was no lass
Could rouse such ardent passion;
Or cause great courtiers en masse
To kneel in humble fashion;
Or bring about such jealous hate
As falls to lovely woman's fate.

Her eye was like the heaven's blue,
Her cheek was far surpassing
The delicate tints of blossom's hue
In genial sunlight basking;
Like waterfall, her wavy hair
Fell from a crown of contour rare.

Yet not alone in beauty's art
Was this lov'd maid excelling,
But in her bosom beat a heart
With every virtue swelling;
One needs go far ere he would find
So fair a form, so bright a mind.

And this sweet child thought not of self,
She gave her God full measure;
Like jewels guarded on a shelf
She held to virtue's treasure;
That she might live, like some fair nun,
As pure as rays from golden sun.

Each daily task she did full well;
To cheer was her vocation;
The neighbor peasants still will tell
Of this most dear creation.
Of how to those in need she gave
Kind words, and prayers their joys to save.

And many a Lord of high estate
Besought her hand in marriage,
And spoke of honors to await
Her descent from his carriage,
And bade her come and fly away
And live a life both rich and gay.

But from her heart, so crystal pure,
They gained but slight attention;
Their blandishments could not allure
Her mind with man's invention.
But true simplicity remained
And angel virtues she retained.

At length her fame spread to the Court
Where lived the King, still single,
Whose life was wed to love and sport
No care to intermingle,
He taught that life should, to a King,
Be constant draught from pleasure's spring.

Inspired by all the stories told,
He deemed it recreation
To win a lass who made thus bold
To scorn a knight's flirtation.
And in disguise and quite alone
He sought the peasant maid at home.

But when he first beheld those eyes,
He was struck dumb with wonder,
He quick knelt down, nor dared to rise,
But kept his head bowed under.

For ne'er before had angel face
Beamed on a King from peasant's place.

His love straightway exceeded bounds;
To his inner mind confessed
He knew no art could heal his wounds,
Lest he the maid possessed.
Yet hear, a still more wondrous thing:
The maid returned love to the King.

Of all the brave knights who knelt there,
Her own sweet love imploring,
This hidden King alone did share
Her true heart's first adoring.
And there was plighted loving troth
'Tween peasant gown and royal cloth.

Imagine, now, this maid's surprise,
When from her dream awaking,
She found a King had in disguise
Her happiness been making;
Exalting her unto a throne—
A Queen from peasant child had grown.

And all the joys that life can bring
To those in greatest power;
Came fleeting in on swiftest wing,
To gild each pleasant hour;
And good Dame Fortune sweetly smiled
Upon the peasant's beauty-child.

But e'en to paint a darker side
Must be an artist's failing;
For when the pleasures reach full tide
Time brings them oft' bewailing.
The life which never has known grief
May yet be wrecked on sorrow's reef.

'Twere good to think that wicked plots
To the Queen were unavailing;

That haughty pride and sinful thoughts
Her heart were not assailing;
That life remained both pure and sweet
As when the King did first entreat.

But such, alas! is not our tale;
For sin, in its due season,
Spreads forth its network like a veil,
To dim our purer reason.
And o'er her virtues, like a pall,
Hung pride, precursor of a fall.

She thought with pride that she had sprung
From such a low position
The highest state to live among,
All through her own volition.
And when dull pride springs from the sod
It quite forgets the aid of God.

When Pride creeps in to steel the heart,
Sweet Virtue's gate is broken;
And error comes to take a part
Of every tender token.
Thus, this proud Queen who held the throne
More haughty grew than any known.

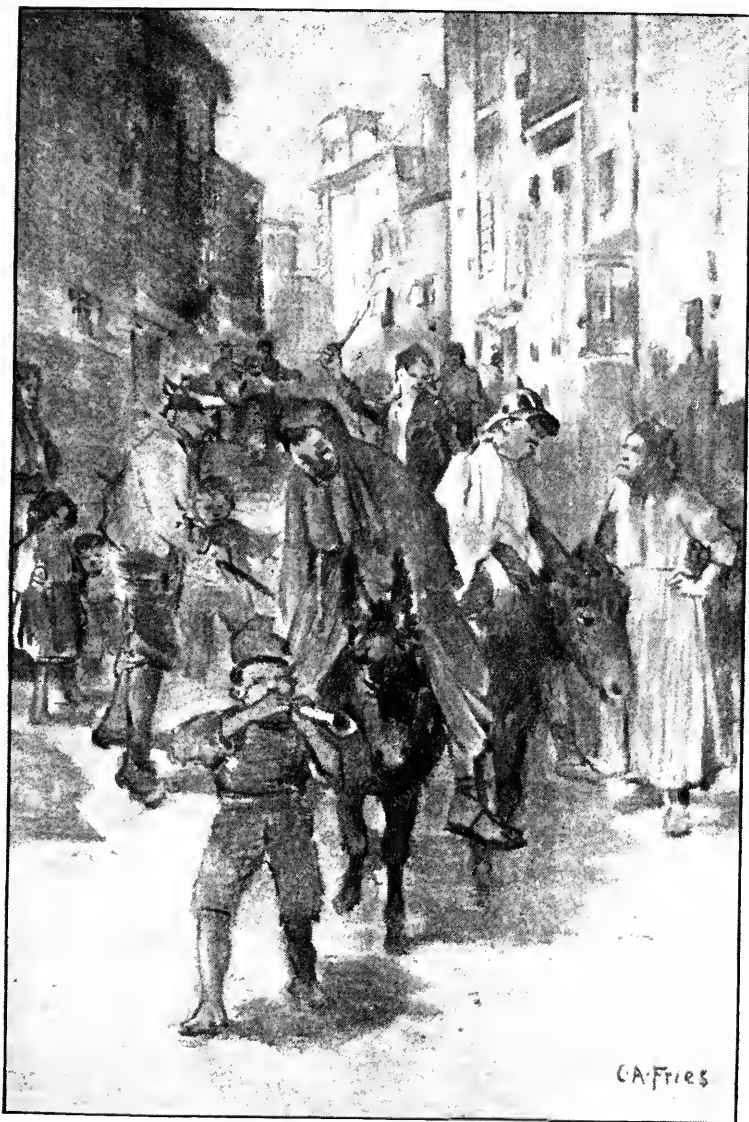
She praised the rich, oppressed the poor;
There was one consolation,—
Her subjects knew that death was sure
To drive her from her station.
The King through her cold treason died—
The Queen in affectation cried.

And, now, alone she held her sway,
With unjust laws increasing,
Until all men as one did pray
For her fierce rules decreasing.
And God took pity and gave ear,
And closed a life that caused such fear.

But ere the end, lest I forget,
Her beauty, once abounding,
Had flown when first her pride inlet
Those horrid sins confounding.
With profile coarse as vilest hag
Did sin her beauty downward drag.

Let this sad tale to Beauty be
A never-ceasing moral,
To teach her all vain pride to flee
And give to God each laurel,
Lest she, like Queen on her last bed,
This requiem have: "Praise God, she's dead."





"Some waggish knaves in wilful play". Page 86



PART III.

REÓNA.



THE COYOTE.

A streak in the sunshine, a shadow by night,
A spot on the Mesa, retreating from sight;
A gaunt, grinning specter, when viewed quite alone;
A lean, lanky wafer, a mere skin and bone;
A thin, shrivelled starveling, a tapering thing
With waist like an hour-glass, and neck like a string;
A chest unexpanded, with back like a ridge,
And curve in the backbone like arch to a bridge;
A head long and slender, lean face, lantern jaw;
A gateway of ivory, enclosed o'er the maw;
A thigh much constricted, a spindleshank leg,
A paw made for stealing—too honest to beg.

A brain formed for cunning; a keen, crafty sneak,
Who simulates candor, with tail drooping meek;
A Prince of Chicanery, a sharp practice knave,
Who, born in concealment, conceals to the grave:
With artful maneuver, and strategic plot,
He duplicates frankness in brisk, sturdy trot;
A smooth politician, who knows the back-stairs;
And steals from the artless, who stand unawares;
A Master of Jobbery, designing, profound,
He plays a deep game in his rooms underground;
A skilful time-server, deceitful and shrewd,
He steals a long march, while he circumvents food.

THE SONG OF THE COYOTE.

Lugubrious note, depressed and low;
Funereal sound, despondent, slow;
Oppressed with tears, despairing lament;
Song of affliction, why art thou sent?
Is this the wail of demons on some dark, unsheltered
moor,
Midst troops of cloud wraiths gliding in the moon-
light's ghastly lure?
Or dismal spirits shrieking in some gruesome
charnel pen,
Alarmed by will-'o-th'-wisp that hovers o'er
miasmatic fen?
Is this a voice from the sepulcher, where grinning
skulls abound,
And bony hands enclasp again in friendships newly
found?
Or is this some sad harpsichord, with notes of
minor strain,
Which casts a soul of joy and light in dungeon
dark with pain?

Disheart'ning voice, forlorn despair;
Disconsolate soul, what is thy care?
Despirited one, why lower sink?
Already thou art by the brink.
Dost wail for precious ointment jar found shattered
on the floor,
Or lovely flower that once did bloom, but drooping,
blooms no more?
Hath fragrant breath of purest love that once made
heaven here,
By heat of passion, withered lie, left dull, and
scorched and sere?
Hath aura dark of vain regrets encompassed thy
sad head
In place of halo, beaming bright with happiness, now
dead?

Dost scent of poisonous plants arise beneath thy
weary feet?

Hath delicate taste of precious gums been changed
to bitter sweet?

Lamentable Fate, if such be true;
Despondency flings broadcast, seeds;
Remorse is ale of passion's brew,
E'er drunk by him of wicked deeds.
Yet now, that note, gives a joyful sound,
Exulting, gladsome, jocund, shrill:
Arise ye spirits, up, rebound!
'Tis but the Coyote on the hill.

NOTE.—The Coyote is the wild dog of the west, driven ever to the frontier by man. He lives by depredation on flocks and herds. His cry is startlingly human, and one or two sound like a score of beings in mortal pain.

INDIAN COSMOLOGY.

A waste of waters was everywhere,
A desolate waste, wide and bleak;
No earth was here to invite man's care,
Save Mount Diablo and Reed's Peak.
A Coyote sat on Diablo's top,
One sole life in the wide world o'er;
He saw nearby a feather drop
And float toward the rippling shore.

And then, while he watched, came flesh and bone,
With other feathers out of the sky,
With joy he sees he is not alone,
A full-fledged Eagle is standing by.
The two soon came to be firm friends;
Excursions plan'd beyond the hill,
While Coyote swims, the Eagle attends,
With flap of wings and voice most shrill.

These two, perceiving, with wisdom's ken,
Their lonesomeness at play or sleep,
Created life in forms of men,
And rolled the waters from the deep.

These lands, upheaved from water's flow,
Became the earth on which we live,
And to mortal man, as some may know,
Birth did these singular parents give.

NOTE.—The native Indians of California displayed in their myths the desire inherent in man to account for the origin of things. Their weird tales which appear to our minds as absurd conceptions were, to their untutored believers, the very embodiment of truth.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Two great Beings built the world,
Filled the same with grass and trees;
Thence through distant space they twirled
Their handiwork midst starry seas.
Straight to Heaven one god flew,
Left on earth his brother god,
Who more lonesome each hour grew,
'Till man was formed from out of sod.

Now there came the new-born moon,
Delicate, beauteous, smiling queen,
Spread she forth the grateful boon
Of pearly light o'er man's demesne.
At her doorway now she stands,
All earth safely in her sight,
Protecting all life from the hands
Of evil wanderers by night.

Happy were these god-made men,
Of that age of long ago;
Woman was beyond their ken,
Her winsome grace they did not know.
Loved they rather angel fair,
She, who smiled from out the sky,
Guarding them with silent care
As silent shades of eve flit by.

Soon, to their surprised dismay,
These womenless men espied
The lonesome god stealing away
To sit by the fair moon's side.
And thence each night it became
The custom of these two
To trim the wicks of love's bright flame
And sit in its light and woo.

A wailing cry one night awakening
These children of earth from sleep;
When earliest dawn was just breaking
Her lights of rosy color deep.
There at the door of god's great tent
A querulous infant lay,
Off, where the sky to earth had bent,
Eloped the god and moon away.

The infant found was a baby girl,
Beautiful, fair, soft and bright;
Her face shone with a sheen of pearl,
As did her mother's on each night.
But, like her mother, oh, so frail,
This first-born of dear womankind;
Think of the sorrows they entail
On man when love hath made him blind.

HOW FIRE WAS BROUGHT TO EARTH.

In the beginning, Chareya made fire,
Chareya, Creator of worlds and men,
And gave it in keeping of Beings higher
Than he, who was then, earth's denizen.
These new men of earth, exhausted all means
To bring down to land this warmth and light;
But 'gainst all their efforts would intervene
The powerful forces of heaven's might.

At length to Old Coyote, their friend, they appealed,
Who resolved to put a plan to the test,

And see if by theft the Beings might yield
The treasured object of man's vain quest.
Thus, gaining admittance to the regal home
Whose sacred embers e'er burned on the hearth,
He watched for the moment to rush from the Dome
With portions of fire of fabulous worth.

At the proper moment he flew down the trail,
With bright glowing embers—a comet streak;
But hotly pursued, e'en close to his tail,
The Beings came running with clamor and shriek.
And now he is likely to lose his prize,
From drooping fatigue, and, panting for breath,
When Cougar springs forth and relieves his sighs
By seizing the ember just ere its death.

The great, lithe cat leaps away with swift feet,
The Beings sweep after in angry mood;
The Coyote with joy knows now that defeat
Will hardly come to the cat thus pursued.
But ever more swiftly do Beings attend,
And fast do they gain on the trail of the sparks;
With far greater energy does Cougar bend,
To reach the green earth with its hills and parks.

But even the big cat's efforts are vain,
The Beings are ready to lay on hands,
When the Bear appears, as a link in the chain,
To bring down fire to the earth's cold lands.
From the Bear to the Moose, and thence to the Deer,
The fire is conveyed adown the long line,
Each moment the Beings approaching too near
'Till assistance springs forth on the steep incline.

The Squirrel, the last of the train, but one,
So scorched his tail that it curved o'er his back;
So thence to the Frog this piece of the sun
He confided to take on its glowing track.
Alas! pursuers now more rapidly gain;
They seize on Frog to hold him fast,

Great are his struggles, and fearful the pain,
When with one mighty impulse, he reached earth at
last.

In that humble race the Frog lost his tail;
The Frog—who delivered the coveted fire;
And ever since then, we know by his quail,
To regain it is ever his dearest desire.
Each tadpole born in likeness of Old Frog,
As mark of honor for this service brave,
May wear a tail through days of polywog,
But must discard it ere he reach the grave.

NOTE.—See Volume III of Bancroft's Histories, devoted to the myths and languages of native races, for these and many other strange myths by which the native Indians endeavored to account for natural phenomena.

HOW FISH CAME TO KLAMATH.

One feat of Coyote still remains
To compensate explorer's pains,
Who digs within the moldy past
Some myth or legend to up-cast;
And this, the tale the Cahrocs tell,
Of how the Salmon we know well
First found their way up rivers steep,
From broader fields of Ocean's deep.

Chareya placed fish in the sea,
But not to wander thither free;
He gave two Hags complete control,
That none should pass to river's shoal.
At mouth of Klamath was a dam,
Beyond whose walls no fish ere swam;
The dam was locked with God's great key
The Hags possessed by his decree.

A famine spread throughout the land,
The Cahrocs died on every hand,



"And paused she there to give the boy a flower". Page 130

They sought the Coyote for his aid,
Resolved he sea's fish to invade.
But wary Hags passed day and night,
And held the key within their sight;
To bring the food which Hags refuse
The Coyote thought to try this ruse:

One night he came to the Hag's door,
And begged a bed upon the floor,
Till light of morn should herald day
And guide him homeward on his way.
The Hags were pleased with his soft voice,
And gave him bed of his own choice,
Where he laid down, eyes on the key
Which closely the Hag held on her knee.

Morning came with merry beam,
The Hags arose to seek the stream,
To catch a fish for the morning's meal,
To serve the better their guest's weal.
The Coyote saw his one sure chance—
Dashed at the Hags, like flashing lance,
And hurled his strength against the two,
When from their hands the big key flew.

Away sprang Coyote, key in mouth,
To the gate of the dam, off in the South,
The Hags in rage gave sudden chase,
But shrewd Old Coyote won the race;
And reached the door of Klamath's dam,
And swung it back with jarring slam—
Thence up the river rolled the fish,
And man had gained his long-sought wish.

THE END OF COYOTE.

The end of Old Coyote was rather sad
Considering the goodness of heart he had.
As with every person, when filled with pride,
A misery stands with good deeds allied.

And marked were those years with plenty and peace,
'Till death gave the Traveler quiet release.
Born of his blood, and Reóna, were sons,
Whose progeny rule as time onward runs;
Maintaining the form, though less in degree
Of methods, enforced by those gods of the sea.
When Padres had journeyed to this remote place
They found young Reóna, last of her race.

REONA'S BEAUTY.

Ofttimes we arise to view a morn
Made perfect by glorious gleams of day;
We think no dawnlights ever born
Could equal the brilliance of its ray.
The rosy hues, and salmon tints,
The soft effulgence of the sheen
Of gold, wherein Dame Nature prints
Her title of Ethereal Queen;
The gentle kiss of fragrant air,
The fresh'ning sparkle of the dew,
The praise, resounding everywhere,
From living creatures gay and true,
Appeals to man's most inward heart,
Awakes the impulse of the soul;
The height of the Creator's art
Is reached for him on this day's scroll.

Betimes, albeit, like the morn,
Which thrills the soul with restful ease,
Perfection stoops down to adorn
Some maiden's mind, man's mind to please.
The clay conforms to dearest wish
That thought of builder may devise;
Embodying in this shapely flesh
Those angel virtues which we prize.

With features like the new day's dawn,
Impassioned, beauteous, softly chaste,
As figure of Madonna drawn,
Or Venus by rare chisel traced.
With spirit placid, yielding, mild,
The bending sweetness of a flower,
Or purity of little child
Unknowing Evil's tempting hour.

If one should meet an Indian maid
Revealing this exuberant bloom;
This flower of virtue's springing blade,
Exhaling grace's sweet perfume;
Would not these gifts of nature seem
An unjust measure to bestow
On her, whom earth holds less supreme,
But rather, one to humbly grow?
Would not we think this contrast vain,
Uniting Nymph with angel face
To soul a Princess might attain
Would seem more fitting for high place?
Yet, whether just or whether willing,
As speaks our wide or narrow sense,
Reóna held this true distilling
Of beauty and of innocence.

Her tribe compared her to the moon,
Whom they adored as Goddess fair,
But rather as a day in June,
Modest, continent, pure as air,
Reóna ruled with gentle sway
Midst lowly forms who at her feet
Were proud to kneel and to obey
Commands of Chieftainness discreet.
Unlike the legendary queen,
That fickle goddess of the night,

Reóna's life had been serene,
Nor mixed with woes of love's sad plight,
Until the Padres came to dwell
Within the lines of her domain;
'Twas then to this young life befel
The captive links of love's strong chain.

THE OFFICER.

A man of craft and cunning guile
Commanded the Presidio;
One who possessed an eagle's wile;
Could jest at virtue's overthrow;
Would stoop to gain some vantage ground
O'er those who might stand in his way;
By stealth had climbed he, rung by round,
The ladder of Spain's martial sway.

Nor need one look for other cause
To measure his peculiar worth,
Than those mysterious unknown laws
Which rule before and after birth.
To serve our case, Dame Rumor quotes
That Bishop G. of M. in Spain,
In youth made sowing of wild oats,
And this Commander was his gain.

A Carnicéro of that town,
Through the Bishop's aid, the mother wed,
And gave to the child a proper noun
Wherewith to name his ill-got head.
Apprenticed to the butcher's trade,
He learned the greater art of war,
To gaze unmoved upon the blade
While streams of life-blood 'round him pour.
When he had reached sufficient age
To master details of the art,
The Bishop's willing patronage
In army life gave him a start.

And here, through wealth of mental gifts,
Which gave him power o'er brother man,
We find him, after many lifts,
Commanding troops of Catalan.

And these, the pride of the Spanish King,
Were sent to join with the Padre's band,
The Christian forms of life to bring
To natives of the new-found land,
While Chief of military power,
Whose strong right arm was to defend
From savage ire the Mission's tower,
No love for the cause did he expend.

No sympathy his inward soul
E'er had for Christ or Padre's meek;
Yet, keeping hatred in control,
Nor in disparagement would speak.
But to himself, when quite alone,
His tongue would take a wicked bent,
Which, had the trusting Padres known,
Would horror through their minds have sent.

Impairment suffered he in youth,
Where reverence should have its base,
He missed the road that leads to truth,
And sophistry he took in place.
The mystic theories of that day,
The occult gropings of the mind,
He learned from Thaumaturgist gray,
Who sought the elements to bind.

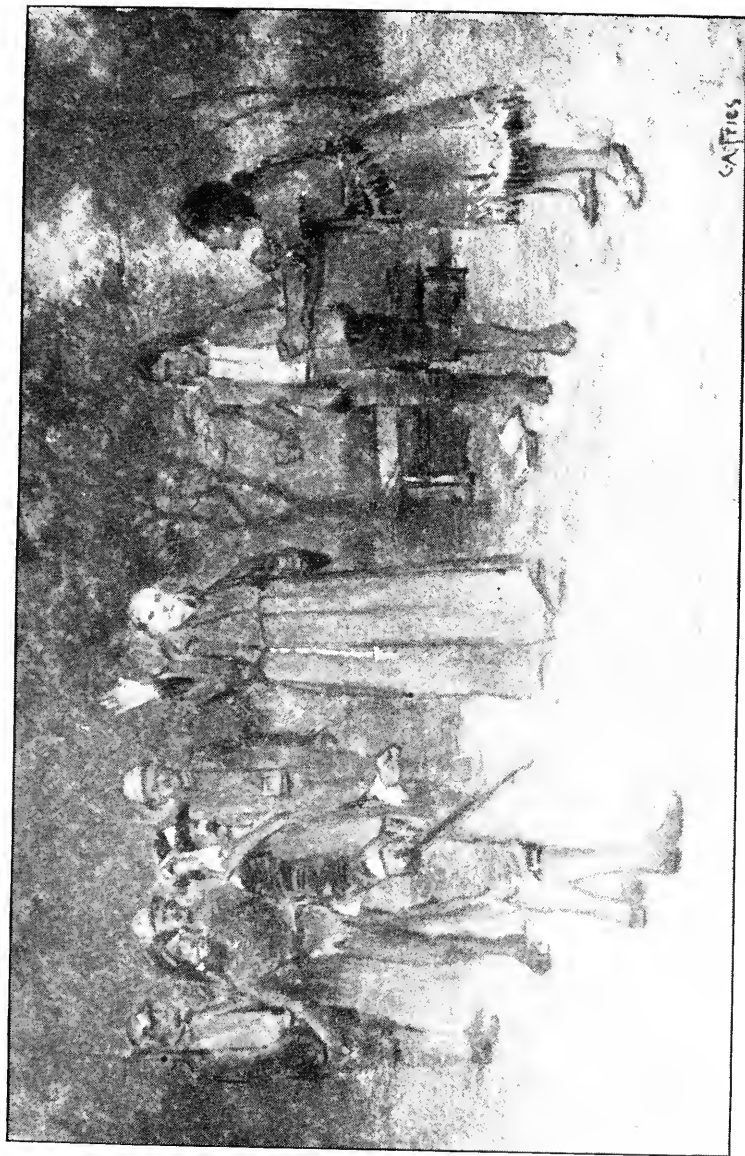
His life which had its start awry,
With age at wider angle grew,
Nor had he impulse yet to try
To find the pathway straight and true.
Because his purpose double was,
Nor virtue's sweetness understood,
He scorned the Missionary cause
And thought no man on earth was good.

This crooked and malignant beam,
Conceived and nurtured on in wrong,
Now shot athwart Reóna's dream
Of life, which rose as pure as song.
The beauty of the Indian child
Was fuel to his wicked flame,
Nor would he else be reconciled
Than by fruition of his aim.

THE OFFICER'S SOLILOQUY.

Before this I have seen fair eyes,
Which melted with love's dew;
Shadowy depths whose dreams apprise
Our hearts that we love too.
Before this, I have features seen,
Perfect in angel form;
As those of beauty's famous queen,
Supremely chaste—yet warm.
Before this, I have danced with girls,
The prettiest of Catalan;
While through the music's mazy whirls
Their beauties I would scan.
Before this, have I supped on sweets—
The nectar of ripe lips;
Where love, when youth and beauty meets
With daintiness long sips.

Before this, I have wooed a maid,
The fairest of her kind;
Through leisure hours with serenade
Did I her true love bind.
Men thought me fortunate indeed
She had so fair a face;
And envied that I should succeed
To wed supernal grace.
But all these memories of love,
Those relics of old time,



"The Padre raised his hand and said: 'Desist!'" Page 140



Have faded out like mists above
Before the sun sublime.
Have faded out 'neath fiercer fire
Than I might else compare,
Henceforth earth holds my one desire—
Reóna, pure and fair.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Each evil is opposed by cross-purpose dire;
The low marshy mead stays the prairie fire;
The dread Sirrococs with their killing heat,
Sure check receive when the trade winds they meet;
The ruthless plague that devastates the land,
In time is checked by the frost's friendly hand;
Each poison we find has an antidote,
To cure when a manly form is smote;
Some good there is, each ill to nullify,
As natural acid neutralizes alkali;
That wrongs may not all virtue disappoint,
Dame Nature holds herself at counterpoint.

The passion-reeking, low designing mind
Of him who singled out the Indian maid,
Was crossed by Christian faith of Padre kind,
Who found a convert easy to persuade.
He brought the maid into the Mission fold,
And christened her Reóna, fair and pure;
Her saintly grace and virtues manifold
Were proof against the officer's allure.
But now a danger, new and unforeseen,
Came silent in from undiscovered realm;
The quietude of Mission ways serene,
Blind Cupid seemed about to overwhelm.

THE ACOLYTE.

The beauteous face and form of the Indian girl,
Made captive heart of the gentle Acolyte;
Through study hours his pen would idly twirl,
Or else love notes his brain would thus indite:

“Charmingly dear, faultlessly fair;
Thy words, the stars of my heart’s night,
Like angel’s song in silent air.

“With what in life do they compare
Coming from thee, my love’s delight?
Charmingly dear, faultlessly fair.

“Like pearls the maids of the sea prepare;
Or strains of music sweetly bright;
Like angel’s song in silent air.

“O, where the task I would not dare,
These words to hear in passion’s plight!
Charmingly dear, faultlessly fair.

“For other words I have no care,
Than these, my pen perforce must write,
Like angel’s song in silent air.

“Darling, these words, exquisitely rare,
Have soothed my heart in their soft flight.
Charmingly dear, faultlessly fair,
May angel love our hearts unite.”

One day returning from her tribal home
She passed the spot where stood the rustic bower;
The Acolyte was digging in the loam,
And paused she there to give the boy a flower.
He seized the flower and pressed it to his heart,
Their eyes entwined in holy lovelit gaze;
The maiden blushed and gave a sudden start,
And hastened on, each now with soul ablaze.

A FLOWER FROM THEE.

A flower from thee, my gentle heart,
A flower. Thy own sweet counterpart;
Whose delicate petals do exhale
Love's fragrance for my heart's regale,
Such gift does thy sweet love impart.

O, would that I were where thou art,
My soul from thine would ne'er depart,
If on thy love I might prevail
A flower from thee.

This flower conceals fair Cupid's dart,
From whose fond wounds I fain would smart,
When may his shafts the Fates assail
And lock our hearts in love's impale?
Ah! me, then here's for my own part,
A flower from thee.

THE PADRE.

And Jaumé had never felt before
The palpitation of a lover's heart;
For hours he paced beneath the sycamore
Within the garden's most secluded part,
And struggled with the tempter of his life;
With thoughts that rose as incense from his soul.
Ah, well for him, that in this day of strife,
His nature he could hold in firm control,
For when a love first comes to greet old age,
And melts the ice that girds the heart about,
With fury merciless its forces wage
To put established principles to rout.

The marvelous sweetness of this maid,
The crowning beauty of her saint-like face,
Illuminated meditation's shade

And cast a gleam o'er logic's somber place.
So crystal pure was Padre's perfect mind
The thought of love to him was held a sin.
With problems new he sought to leave behind
Those impulses that tugged at heart within.
But ever as he strove to check the spring
Of love that welled within his manly breast,
The thought of maiden purity would bring
Such words as these, her virtue to attest:

PURITY.

O Purity! How precious sweet thou art!
O dainty, wholesome purity,
Thou essence of a meek and humble heart.

O Purity! Thou art a gem of clearest ray.
O graceful, faithful purity,
Thy light illuminates man's way.

O Purity! Rare flower of maiden grown.
O radiant, glorious purity,
To thee God gives the right hand to his throne.

When seen on dimpling cheek or melting eye,
Purity, thou are supreme.
No earthly flower with thee may dare to vie—
Earth's proudest Queen.

When seen on form of sturdy youth,
How clear thou dost portray
Thy worth, in accents that speak truth,
To guide the young and gay!

For thou alone art image of a god;
For thou alone art valued more than gold;
Without thy spirit o'er us as we plod
Man's genial love would change to passion tense,
Thee all the world would cease to reverence.

THE ACOLYTE'S DILEMMA.

The eve Reóna gave to the Acolyte
The flower that brought their love a quick insight,
The student came to cell of Jaumé
And there confessed his love to friendly Fray.
He told how through the months that had onsped,
Since first he rested eyes on her fair head,
His heart with urgent longings had been pressed,
Resulting in a state of great unrest.
How he had questioned whether right or wrong,
These promptings of his heart to love and long;
How he at last resolved to seek advice
As to whether Satan did his soul entice.

The Padre listened, with his eyes cast down,
Upon his brow there sat an anxious frown.
The look of one who, likewise, in despair
Was brooding heavily on pressing care.
Replied he then, in accents soft and low:
"Bespeak thee, son, does she thy passion know?
And hast thou learned for thy own certain part
The state of feeling of her youthful heart?
Does she requite thy love,—thy love for her?
Didst thou together of thy love confer?
Or is thy love the growth of solitude
Where Satan may unholy thoughts intrude?"

From Padre's lips compressed, escaped a sigh,
The youth now answered with a brightening eye:
"No word of love hath ever crossed my tongue,
Nor hath my heart to idle fancy clung,
But day by day my love hath stronger grown;
Nor have the seeds in solitude been sown.
For oft at mass, or near sweet vesper's call,
In dear Reóna's presence would I fall,

And after church we'd linger to converse,
Or each to each our lessons would rehearse;
Today we met, she gave a flower, and smiled—
Her magic look hath made my heart most wild."

The student paused, and glanced at the Padre's face,
But there was now no frown, nor slightest trace
Of earthly care; but there instead a gleam
Of light, a pure benevolent beam.
A look of one who makes a sacrifice
Of that he may in all the world most prize.
No longer need the student have a fear
The Padre might with love's dream interfere.
He bravely sought the Padre's humble aid,
Nor did he seek the question to evade;
With strengthened faith and firmer tones he said:
"Dear Father, tell me, is it right to wed?"

THE PADRE'S SOLUTION.

'Tis right to wed, my son,
All Nature seeks as mate,
In bonds affectionate,
Some other dearest one.
E'en every blade of grass
Loves one of its own class.
Love has its princely throne
In every little bird,
Whose notes are sweetly heard
By one that claims its own.
God's will—it must be true—
Each tiny flower doth woo.
Could we but pierce the veil
That shrouds the smallest things,
We might see marriage rings
On microscopic scale;
Each atom wedded fast,
'Till atom life be past;

The pearly beads of dew
In love with iron dust
Uniting in grim rust
Life's courtship to pursue.

We Padres take a vow
To wed our hearts to Christ,
Nor be by maid enticed
Our faith to disallow.
'Tis part of our own will
His service to fulfill.
We dwell above the earth,
When wedded to the Church;
Our lives are passed in search
Of things of holy worth.
If priest thou wouldst not be,
To marry thou art free.
Love then, my son, and wed;
May clean and purest thought,
From shining Heaven caught,
Surround thy nuptial bed.
Yet ever to the Lord
Thy dearest love record;
Think less of thy heart's choice
Than for thy sin to atone,
Thus when thou art alone
Give praise with thankful voice.

Then when thy day has run
Its hour upon the dial—
Thou, in death's dark defile,—
Thy God will say: "Well done!"
Thy soul in spotless white
Shall pass from earthly night
To Heaven's glorious side,
Where wedding thou shalt make
And marriage feast partake,
With Christ for thy dear bride.
This is the union high

Of spirits in the sky—
In whose faint image stands,
These weddings that we see,
Midst mirth and jubilee
Throughout our christian lands.
Who gives the world full trust,
Resigns himself to lust.
Like fossil in the shell,
Who loves this earthly life
Succumbs to lust and strife—
Hears not the final knell.

The Acolyte now grasped the Padre's hand,
And pressed it with a gratitude sincere,
And said: "How good of you to understand."
The Padre smiled and answered, "Persevere."
When the Acolyte had hurried from his view
The Padre paced his cell as one distressed.
"A fool am I," said he; "I little knew
Another heart was by this love oppressed.
How idle for a priest to dream of love!
How I have sinned!" He knelt in keen despair
Beside his couch, and clasped his hands above,
And breathed aloud this agonizing prayer:

"Oh God, mine eyes are clouded,
My vision is not clear;
With sin I am enshrouded,
My heart is filled with fear.

"I long for thine own purity,
To freely claim and own
Thy grace to be my surety
To seat me by thy throne.

"Bring me thy love for strengthening,
Stand by me through the fray,
To virtue's hour give lengthening
And shorten Satan's day.

"I am a simple mortal,
I long to be God-wise;
To live, and through earth's portal
Behold thee in the skies.

BLACK ART.

By oracles, by Bible and by ghost,
By spirit movements seen in magic lens,
By bowls of fishes found upon the coast,
By flight of fowls across the reedy fens,
By stars that mark the very hour of birth,
By strange appearances upon the air,
By salt, by grains, by sacrificial earth,
By course of arrows shot without a care,
By dots at random on a paper made,
By inclination of suspended ring,
By altar flame deflecting wooden blade,
By list'ning to the song the pebbles sing,
By reading hands, and by prophetic dreams,
By bits of iron reflecting the sun's ray,
By mirrors throwing back the starry gleams,
By wand, and dice, and by the fountain's play;

By these, and many another charm,
May I divine impending harm;
May I awake a hidden power,
To guide me through an evil hour;
May I invoke by transient spell
The elements their truth to tell.
Let Padres trust to one God's sway;
A myriad my commands obey.
The swarming elfs of teeming air
Attend my call with silent care;
And with the fleetness of the breeze
Perform their arts, my wish to please.
By science learned of wizard old
I may the future well unfold.

With reading symbols, by him taught,
My hours with wisdom's fruits are fraught.
The patient, plodding, thoughtful friars,
May pray in vain for their desires,
They hide their lamps beneath a tub
In fighting this Beelzebub.
With me, 'tis more to have on earth
These latent powers of mystic worth,
Than by some creed to be enticed
To scale uncertain walls of Christ.
The joys of this, the present time,
Are better far that arduous climb
To some imagined state of hope,
Where souls supernal idly grope.
In secret, then, I play my arts,
And slyly loose my powerful darts,
And by their service win the prize
So closely 'neath the Padre's eyes.

Thus mused the man whose purpose base
Was foiled by touch of Christian grace,
And as he watched with malice-breeding heart
The guarding care on faithful Padre's part—
A care which exercised a constant eye
Upon the maid, when he himself was by,
Yet, gave to Acolyte the privilege dear
To bask at will within her gentle sphere,
The officer was stung with envy keen;
The fruit of natures, selfish, little, mean.
King Jealousy usurped the throne of mind
'Till he became to quiet reason blind.

With him was leagued, as in a common cause,
A man unknown to Christian ways and laws,
Chinichi, Elder, of Reóna's tribe,
To whom Satanic powers we here ascribe.
In love was he, too, with his beauteous Queen,
When Jaumé and student came between.

Thenceforth he cursed the advent of that day
When Padres led the Chieftainess away.
Revenge he plotted in his heathen spite;
He brooded on this project day and night,
'Till they two, leagued by merest chance,
To mutual hate, and vow, gave utterance.

One day Chinichi at the Presidio
Revealed the hate with which his heart did glow.
The officer was quick in his surmise,
Then did Chinichi, thus his ears apprise:
"Reóna has within a secret hold
A chain and locket of the purest gold,
Which from her ancestors was handed down,
Along with heritage of Chieftain's crown."
The officer a plot quick formed in mind:
"Arrest the girl for theft, we'll search and find
These articles among her treasured store,
And thus, give scorn to Padre's vaunted lore."

Imagine the consternation of that day,—
The perplexity of Padre Jaumé,—
The startled look of maiden in alarm,—
The stalwart student shielding her from harm.
Vindictive was the officer's low mien,
Chinichi standing by with cunning keen.
The officer at the head of Mission guard
Rode swiftly up to where, in the olive yard,
The priest, Reona, and the Acolyte
Had come, their daily lessons to recite;
And there the officer, with triumphant fling,
Exclaimed: "Thee I arrest, in the name of the King."

What followed was with swiftness, like the flight
With which a hummer disappears from sight.
The soldiers gathered at their chief's command

To lay upon the girl a forceful hand.
The Acolyte now squared his manly form,
Prepared to ward from her the impending storm;
The Padre raised his hand and said: "Desist!"
The officer answered gruffly: "I insist,
This girl a thief I well can prove to be;
If she denies, then I will set her free;
But she dares not deny, for proof is plain
She has a stolen locket and its chain."

All eyes now turned upon the trembling girl,
Who stood amazed, her thoughts in troubled whirl.
But sense of innocence will e'er give strength,
And calmness to Reóna came at length.
Then up she spake with frankness and with ease:
"Untrue your words; they're mine, Sir, if you please,
They came to me from my own mother dear,
Whose sacred memory I'll revere:
She had them from her mother, I presume,
For they have been our family's one heirloom;
A legend says they first did these things give
Who came as gods, from out the sea to live."

With modest mien the maiden turned away,
And loosed the vest which held her charms at bay,
And from her bosom took the lock and chain,
Where through long years in secret they had lain,
And placed them in the wondering padre's hand,
While a motley group pressed round and closely
scanned.

The workmanship was curious and old,
The glitter seemed to tell of richest gold.
The graven forms thereon of sacred kind,
Bespoke a maker with a Christian mind.
While Padre held the locket by its ring,
The locket opened by a hidden spring.

The Padre from a secret recess drew
A piece of silk and held it up to view.
Upon the silk, with evidence of care,
Were these few thoughts, in Latin, written there:
"Who reads this message will thus come to know
The obstacles of life some undergo.
At west cave of La Jolla may be had
The gold and silk from Ship Felicidad,
Which foundered in a storm off this same shore;
The Master, and the writer of this score,
Juan Lujan, and Francisco Martinique,
Alone survived the vessel's fatal leak."

This piece of web inscribed now claimed all eyes,
While through the group ran ripples of surprise.
The Padre was the first to break the spell,
And said: "This word confirms the legend well
Which we have heard from members of the band;
How beings from the sea came to this land
And lived and died amongst these simple folk,
And Christian ways of life sought to invoke.
I doubt not by this silk is rightly told
The hiding place of flotsam and of gold,
Which by all rules which we account as just
Are by these words bequeathed the Church in trust."

The officer, chagrined at his defeat,
Forth from the Mission yard made quick retreat
And with his troops gained the Presidio,
To brood upon his plan's great overthrow.
The priest, the student, and the truthful maid,
Sought now seclusion 'neath the garden's shade,
And there the priest with haste revealed a plan,
To counter-check the wiles of this bad man:
"Ye loving youths at once shall married be,
This maid from soldier's stealth will then be free,

Thence afterward, aided by the Acolyte,
Gold from the cave we'll bring this very night."

WHEN VIRGIN MAID.

Bring blossoms for the wedding day;
Bring swelling buds and fragrant flowers,
Bring petals white and petals gay,
With these bedeck the bridal bowers,
To mark the crowning hour of life
When virgin maid becomes a wife.

Bring lilies white and daisies pink,
Bring primrose yellow, gentian blue;
Bring violets from the fountain's brink;
With these the bridal pathway strew,
For this occurs but once in life,
When virgin maid becomes a wife.

Let snowdrops speak of modest ways;
Let morning glories chaste and pure
Entwine with honeysuckle sprays,
To tell of loves that long endure;
Enrich this moment of her life,
When virgin maid becomes a wife.

Bring flowers, the choicest of earth's gifts,
To sanctify the marriage shrine;
Bring flowers, whose purity uplifts
The heart to praise this holy time.
A solemn step is this in life
When virgin maid becomes a wife.

JAUME'S ADMONITIONS.



THE MARRIAGE SACRAMENT.

With innocent faith prepare for thy marriage,
For doubt will give love a sad miscarriage.
Gay flowers and fine raiment would be poor substitutes
For the soul-felt joy which true love constitutes.
A prudent reserve should be always maintained,
A little child's modesty ever retained.
The Holy Communion must not be neglected,
Who weds without blessing may be rejected.
In humble confession thy heart purify,
With sacred oblations the Saints deify.
Emulate Tobias and his worthy bride,
Their three days of prayer ere love's knot was tied;
"For we are children of the Saints", said they,
"We worship one God and his rules we obey."

THE BANS.

The Sacrament of Penance made
And pardon had for sin,
With sacred reverence invade
The altar space within.
A solemn contract 'tis to wed—
To wed, 'till life itself be dead.

Sincere devotion fill thy heart
In presence of The Word:
While the priest the service doth impart,
Proclaim thy full accord;

Receive the benediction kind,
With humbleness of soul and mind.

When the married couple leave the Church
Let gratitude prevail;
Let them give time to calm research,
To strengthen virtues frail.
Reflect upon the duties new
Which wedded people must pursue.

Let the wedding morning be thy best,
Thy bygone moments least;
Imagine Christ invited guest
As at the Cana feast.
Unholy sports, unseemly mirth,
Profane the blessing's sacred worth.

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED.

Death alone can break the marriage bond,
Can set aside this ordinance of God.
The power thus to dissolve it lies beyond
The will of man who grovels on earth's sod.
No power on earth, no judge, or priest or king
Can part the bond made fast by wedding ring.

For causes named they oft' may live apart,
But wedded once, remain they married still.
Man cannot rend the ties of loving heart,
United by the Priest with God's own will,
Though they may separate live through life
The record stands above,—husband and wife.

The clause beginning "Except it be,"
In testimony of good Matthew, Saint,
Refers to couples living free,
From one another where there is some taint.
Permission to remarry is not given,
Nowhere is it decreed in word from heaven.

Let it be borne in mind that no good cause
May be assigned the marriage bond to break.
Except there be cessation of life's laws,
To justify some other spouse to take.
What God hath joined, no man may separate,
Or to himself, God's prowess arrogate.



THE TRAGEDY OF THE CAVES.



THE DEATH OF ABEL.

The heart of Nature was suddenly stilled,
When Abel was struck by Cain;
Her warm flow of love by hate was chilled,
When brother by brother was slain.
The brooding sky scowled dismal and dark,
The Earth breathed sighs of despair,
The air in its flight stood still to hark
And bewail the murder there.

The green sward reached to staunch the red wound,
The daisies blushed at the stain,
The Spirit of Peace from terror swooned
And brotherly love snapped in twain.
The Father seated on Heaven's throne,
Embodiment of all good,
Bowed down in grief that hate had been sown
By this breach of earth's brotherhood.

Thence on the singing birds of the grove,
The animals of the plain,
By beak and tooth and with talons strove
That murder might remain.
Alas! that Sympathy, Peace and Love
Were compelled to abdicate;
Man clothed his hand in unfeeling glove,
And gave his allegiance to Hate.

THE CAVES.

In simple majesty weird caves of the sea—
(Cathedral halls where Nymphs and Sprites convene;



"In simple majesty weird caves of the sea". Page 146

Tribunals, which the flow of waves o'ersee)—
Stand guard beside the Ocean's broad demesne.

Like swain with jealousy for some sweet maid—
(These sculptured chambers, with airs, damp and cold,
Which the Sovereigns of the sea alone invade)—
The waters cover o'er the carved threshold.

The vaulted roofs reverberate with sound—
(Concentric domes, where fowls that feed on fish
alone,
Along with creatures of the cliffs, abound)—
Where echoes quick respond to lightest wish or tone.

Within are wells and pools so purely clear,
That limpets, eels, and variegated moss
At deepest parts, on surfaces appear—
And freshly filled by tide-wave's daily toss.

When man intrudes his presence in these rooms,
Amazed he views the work of Nature's hand,
A rosy light pervades the purple glooms,
And maroon velvet rests on rock and sand.

He views the sea as through a wizard's lens,
Beholds her secret beauties here displayed;
The clinging forms of life become his friends,
And fear of Ocean's prowess is allayed.

THE TRAGEDY.

The sun, low-swinging in the western sky
Emitted the gleam of an angry eye;
Swift fleeting clouds of an ominous hue
Enshrouded and darkened the vault of blue;
The sea had a troubled and weary look,
The sea-birds their nests in the caves forsook,
And circled about in quick wheeling flight
As if closely pursued by demons of night;

The mists of evening arose from the deep,
And toward the hills did stealthily creep;
The face of Nature was clouded with gloom—
A troubled expression of impending doom.

On grassy heights, which overlook the caves,
Far, far above the spume of dashing waves,
Came Jaumé and sturdy Acolyte,
As dusk of evening shaded into night.
Came also Chief Chinichi and the officer,
With stealthy spirit of a pillager.
Each group upon the self-same mission bent,
To seize the riches found by accident.
And here engaged the four in vain dispute,
The rights proclaimed each would in turn refute.
The officer and ally, charged with heat,
Presented force the others to defeat.

Chinichi sprang on the student with a bound,
They grappled, and they struggled to the ground;
And the officer approached to lend a hand,
But wavered at the Padre's stern command;
For the priest assumed a virile, warlike air,
Unlike the humble, gentle man of prayer,
And bade the officer desist, on pain
Of excommunication's fatal stain.
The officer desisted at the priest's behoof,
And, like some guilty coward, stood aloof,
Watching the contest waged 'twixt limb and limb,
Of writhing forms upon the ocean's brim.

At times the Indian, through stress of might,
Seemed sure to gain the lead in this strange fight;
Anon the student, seizing fresher hold,
The power of intellect did well unfold.
From trampled grass arose the sweet perfumes

Of bruised stalks, and parted clover blooms;
Dame Nature's incense spread upon the scene,
Beseeching powers above to intervene,
And stop the turmoil of unbridled hate
Which thus defied the peace of her estate.
The face of Earth wore disapproving frown;
With sense of shame night closed her curtain down.

From flowing tide there came a fitful moan,
Combatants echoed back with strife and groan,
While each more firmly strove to make advance,
And each more closely guarded every chance;
And brawny arms with brawny arms would link,
Beside the precipice o'er Ocean's brink.
At length Chinichi sprang with furious force,
The student saw, and quickly dodged his course.
Chinichi, thus unchecked in his mad leap,
Shot out in space and downward to the deep.
Those looking on heard but an awful cry
And saw a body outlined 'gainst the sky.

Through depths of gloom peered Acolyte and Priest,
Down, down, where breakers brew their foaming yeast,
One hundred feet or more to rocks below,
Whose rugged knees resist the ocean's flow.
But heard they naught but sullen swish of waves,
As waters of the sea rushed through the caves.
Nor did they form of human kind discern
From out those somber shades so cold and stern.
With bated breath they clambered down the ledge,
That led from cliffs above down to the water's edge,
And keeping thence above the ocean's reach,
They searched amongst the rocks that strewed the
beach.

They entered caves by lighted fagot flame,
And called aloud upon Chinichi's name.
But heard he not, except in dreaming sleep,
Which wicked souls in troubled death must keep.
The fires of his fierce hate had flickered low
In that wild leap to Ocean far below.
When morning rose and laved her fingers pink,
In cloud mists which effaced the midnight's ink,
The saddened Priest and weary Acolyte
Renewed the search continued through the night,
And ventured to the Cave's most inner hold,
But found there neither human form nor gold.

When whirling day again had brought the sun
Where evening fires in glowing colors run,
In great fatigue walked Acolyte and Priest
Along the trails that led toward the east;
Where, later on, they reached the Mission halls,
And roused the sleeping neophytes by calls.
'Twas here the yearning heart of Acolyte,
Had thought to meet his bride on this sad night;
Alas! that Padre's sense of love and trust
Had given faith to the victory of the just—
For Officer had come, at break of day,
With Mission Guard and stole the girl away,

LOVE'S MUSIC.

When Love is severed from his mate
His heart bemoans its cruel fate,
And bides the weary march of time
With yearning thoughts which flow in rhyme.
All ecstasy of human love
Is but sweet music from above;
Felt in the nearness of a kiss,
Or sacred hours of wedded bliss;
Heard in the melody of a line

Writ to adorn a lover's shrine.
When absent love hath waited long
This music takes the form of song,
And moves the pen to trace in verse
Those words the lips would fain rehearse.

Thus Acolyte, with Love's enthuse,
Gave leisure to the gentle muse,
Though hours and days rolled sadly by;
While Jaumé did constantly,
Through art of soft diplomacy,
Labor to have the bride set free.
These love notes, writ in garden bowers,
Refreshed Reóna's captive hours.
From hand of faithful serving maid
These precious lines in her's were laid;
Sweet music from his loving heart,
These secret missives would impart:
How she to memory was dear;
How time bade him the more revere,
How fully she his heart did fill,
With closing lines, "I love thee still."

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee still. What music sweet
So thrills the soul with joys replete
As these four words from lover's tongue,
While blood is warm and hearts are young,
And life with two is all complete.

'Twere bliss to dwell in some retreat,
Sequestered from life's busy heat,
And hear these words by loved voice sung:
I love thee still.

Love thee? How I with pleasure sprung
To thy soft arms, and fondly clung,
When I your love did first entreat.

How speeds the time with swiftest feet!
Yet, time has not my heart unstrung.
I love thee still.

ANATHEMA. MARAN ATHA.

Through many days the Padre labored hard
To have the girl released from prison guard.
To Monterey by messengers he sent
Appeals invoking aid of the President.
And daily called on the false officer,
His forceful protests there to register.
His protests were with insolence received,
By him, the loving Padre had deceived.
To each demand, the answer was ever same:
"I hold the girl secure, and in the King's own name,"
Or this evasive answer for his cause:
"To uphold the dignity of Spain's just laws."

So far removed from seat of central power
Was Jaumé in this eventful hour,
That many weeks elapsed ere came command
For the officer to obey their stern demand.
The Padre deprecated time thus slow,
His lamp of patience had at length burned low,
When through endeavor to set the maiden free
He found the officer a devotee
To loathsome heresy—the Magic Art—
Far worse to Padre's mind than wicked heart.
Resolved he not to trifle with this man,
But solemnly proclaim the Church's ban.

Without accessory of bell or book,
The Padre now proscription undertook.
Upon a knoll above the traveled way,
In view of troops who passed in armed array,



“Within are wells and pools so purely clear”. Page 147

Priest Jaumé proclaimed the major curse—
Of all the forms of Rome the most adverse.
Banished the officer from Christian grace,
And to the fires of Hell consigned his place;
Until he should, on penitential knee,
Confess his faults and set the captive free;
Renounce allegiance to the Wizard's art,
And with an humble love uphold God's part.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

"Thou hast the love of trusting God profaned;
An Innocent's happiness thou has stained;
The rights of Sanctuary hast thou denied;
To guardian priests thou hast boldly lied;
Supreme contempt of Church has marked thy sway;
Thou long hast failed commandments to obey;
But, worse than all the ills above the sod,
Thou worshipest vain idols for thy God.

"Convicted standest thou of this great crime;
'Tis wonder God has not cut short thy time.
Yet, ever patient, sitteth He on high
And gives each culprit one more chance to try;
He leaves the germ which dwells at heart of sin
To prove a self-destroyer from within.
'Tis even true that evil things contain
A hidden force which binds them with its chain.

"When wicked men consort with better kind,
The better may, like them, too, become blind—
One wasted grape may perfect bunch destroy;
Bold Evil waits on Good to play decoy.
A power from God is given to the Church
The hearts of all communicants to search,
And, when the sign of Evil One is found,
To cut off such from rights of sacred ground."

THE AUTHORITATIVE CURSE.

"Until full absolution thou await,
I here pronounce thee excommunicate,
Most solemnly I name the 'Vitandus,'
'Shunned by all,' like dread Arius.
Communion is denied with Holy Saints,
Until thou hast removed thy sinful taints.
In strict accord with God's most just commands
I here invoke confusion on thy hands:
May plagues consign thee to the Evil One;
May fires and famines be thy course to run.

"And woe betide the peace of that vain man
Who dares uphold thy cause as partisan.
All good men shall be taught thee to upbraid,
And curse the hand that succors thee with aid.
Of thy own judgment shall such share a part
And feel the Church's ban with stinging smart.
Thy company shall be the beasts of prey,
No civil law shall hold thy property,
But thou shalt hence to wild and open fields
To feed on herbs and roots which Nature yields."

The officer at first received with scorn
The imprecation which the Priest had sworn,
He sought to treat with silence and contempt
The fact that he from Church became exempt.
In this he had not reckoned with his host,
Or gauged the strength o'er men of Holy Ghost.
He little thought ecclesiastic ban
Would cut him off from intercourse with man;
That solemn condemnation would infect
The minds of troops, his rank to disrespect.

But when he turned to give the troops command,
He there beheld the force of reprimand.
The soldiers, simple and illiterate,
Against the Church would not co-operate.
To them a man proscribed was dreaded bane;

They viewed the officer wth calm disdain.
He knew at once the cold, unfeeling blast
Which falls untempered on the base outcast.
Ere many hours he humbly knelt to Priest,
Received full pardon, and the girl released.





PART IV.

LILILAH.



HAPPINESS.

I know where Summer ever stays
Her warm and genial hand;
Where sunlight with soft shadow plays
A game of seek on land;
Where sounds the hum of Nature's loom,
As weaves she fabrics bright with bloom,
'Neath airy depths of sky's illume
Which everywhere expand.

I know where sleeps a bosky glen,
With brooklet purling through,
Where stands a cot in leafy den,
Of size enough for two,
Where singing birds bespeak of rest,
In soft retreat of swinging nest,
When night hath hushed the trembling West
And stars light up the blue.

I know where lies a grassy mead,
Close by this fringed bower,
Where stamps the hoof of grazing steed
As evening's cloudlets lower.
A herdsman's horse, with figure slim,
With flowing mane and fetlocks trim,
High spirit marked on neck and limb—
A son of Pride and Power.

I know of maid and gentle youth,
Who dwell in this small cot;
And make, with loving hearts, in sooth,
An Eden of this spot.

Where each for one another's sake
Of selfishness dare not partake;
Nor e'en a slight commandment break—
They're joined in true love's knot.

When morning peers with dreamy eye
Through portals of the East—
Those stained glass windows of the sky,
Where vision longs to feast—
She here beholds ideal life
In manly youth and womanly wife,
Whose cheerful hearts o'erride the strife
Which comes to great and least.

The steed stands chafing at the bit
Before the cottage door,
While halting moments but permit
The youth one sweet kiss more;
Thence to the saddle, and away,
To where the lowing herd will stray
'Till night comes in on wings of gray,
And love and home restore.

No base ambition casts its spell
On this most pure estate,
That which now is, with them, is well,
Love longs not to be great.
They know that wealth corrodes the heart;
That envy is hate's counterpart;
That discontent has its first start
When riches men create.

Where else upon the rotund Earth
May happiness be found
Like that of wedlock's sacred worth
Where simple joys abound?
Does wealth give peace to longing soul?
Is love repaid on Fame's bright scroll?
Does power the yearning heart console?
There peace has ne'er been found.

Here, with no largeness of desires,
And free from carking care,
Lives Maid and Student of the Friars,
Released from dull despair.
In this sweet home of wedded bliss,
Whose purest symbol is a kiss—
Delights no lover would dismiss,
Lililah came to share.

THE CHRISTENING.

A baby is a precious gem—
A jewel in life's diadem—
A bud upon the human stem

Within whose tiny petals curled
All great achievements of the world
Await their hour to be unfurled.

How weigh a baby's worth in gold?
Would all the wealth of world's untold
Balance the beam with its small hold?

Or who, for sway o'er all the land,
Would the moist warmth of a clinging hand
Exchange for Empire's cold command?

Beware of him whose proud disdain
Holds childlife a pernicious bane!
Let him from wedlock e'er abstain.

For wisest men once deigned to bring
A babe, the richest offering,
And humbly knelt to call him King.

At the Font the Friar stands,
Rob'd in vestments, simple, plain;
Jeweled breviary in his hands,
While beyond the golden strain
Of Redemption now expands.

"Sacraments absolve from sin,
Grant the soul eternal grace,
Need but once be entered in,
Give a boon to time and place,
This is God's first discipline."

Then the Friar takes the child,
Deftly prints the Church's seal,
And, with blessed waters mild,
Signs the pledge for Holy Weal;
Gives the password of the Guild.

"Lililah, thus I baptize thee,
Kneel we down before the stone,
In the name of the Holy Trinity
May Heaven your sins condone,
And teach you true humility."

To the Sponsors, kneeling by,
The Friar commands their care,
Adjures them ever to apply
Their life in thoughtful prayer,
Their God-child's heart to purify.

"Teach her the good to ever do,
To always renounce ill,
At confirmation time renew
This God-child's precious will,
That she may feel fresh Heaven's dew."

With humbleness the babe they bring,
Adown the silent aisle—
To simple folk 'tis awesome thing,
Their God to reconcile.
This was Lililah's christening.

THE USES OF CONTRAST.

A lovely reach of greenly, flowering plain
Is pleasanter to the eye
Than rugged steeps of some great mountain chain

Which rears its strength on high.
A landscape, smiling in the morning sun,
Is far more beauteous, too,
Than place where clouds their gloomy courses run
Across the Heaven's blue.
The placid waters of an enclosed bay
Present a prettier scene
Than ocean billows plowing their rough way
Through depths of murky green.

Yon beauteous mead of sweetly smelling vetch
Is loved because of dreary mountain stretch;
The joyous sun, and gently smiling land,
Attracts the more, escaping storm's command;
Translucent waters, laughing in the breeze,
Enchant the eye because of boisterous seas.
By contrast we enheighten every joy—
This constitutes the art our forms employ.
Against a darker background are defined
Those pleasures which refresh the human mind.
Without this contrast, our interest to inflame,
The greatest gifts of earth would become tame.

The world of men, like landscapes which we see,
Outlines its hopes against dull misery,
Their joys assume, by contrast, added power,
And aid to gild the moments of each hour.
The happiness of man by this becomes
The straight addition of those smaller sums,
Which well accrue between the hills of strife
That form asperities in each man's life.
That man to whom some sorrow is unknown
Has proved the bread of life to be a stone.
The ecstasies of contrast are foresworn
To him who plucks the rose without a thorn.

THE FLOWERING THORN.

In a far-famed distant country,
Land of romance and of song,
Where the Summers warm and tender
Through each day the hours prolong,
Stands the Palace of a Sultan,
Glinting white in sunbeam's glare,
Midst the splendors of a garden
Holding treasures rich and rare.

Here, the music of the fountains
Mingles with the trill of birds,
While the echoes of the arches
Whisper soft of lover's words.
Here, the shrubs of glowing colors
With the peacock's luster vie,
While the airs with balmy fragrance
Through the vine-clad alcoves sigh.

Here, within a guarded Court-yard,
Quite removed from vulgar view,
Stands an ever-blooming Thorn tree
With sweet flowers of richest hue.
Note the perfume of these blossoms,
Mark the colors of those leaves,
Strands of clinging passion roses
Close with thorn-wood interweaves.

Fable speaks of these thorn blossoms,
Wonder of this perfect world,
How their forms remain all constant,
When their petals are unfurled,
Until plucked from off the branches—
Then to him who gains the prize,
He who safely runs the gauntlet,
They return his sacrifice.

For no soft, unmeaning symbols,
Are the spines upon this Thorn,
They will pierce like pointed daggers

Him who dares their strength to scorn.
But if one may conquer pricking,
And secure a flowering stem,
Life conveys henceforth a blessing
To possessor of this gem.

Through those vaulted aisles of verdure,
Which surround the palace walls,
O'er the marble courts and stairways
Leading into brilliant halls,
Stream gay throngs of knights and ladies,
Noble men with titles grand,
While amongst this gathered greatness
Pass the poor ones of the land.

Each intent on like endeavor;
To acquire one lauded flower
From the Thorn, whose vicious branches
Guard the passage to the bower.
And the theme of conversation,
Ever present on each tongue,
Is concerning him who latest
Clusters from those branches wrung.

Few are they who have not ventured
To obtain this happy boon;
Such are of the light and careless—
Life to them is sunny June.
But all whom the age of reason
Lead toward fair Wisdom's place
Show the marks of flowering thorn tree,
On the furrowed brow and face.

From that distant land of romance,
Seeds of Thorn tree have been sown,
Scattered through the round of ages,
Down to this we call our own.
Now it blooms in every garden,
Punishing, with cruel smart,
All who seek to pluck life's pleasures
From those thorns which guard the heart.

WHY DO THE LEAVES.

Why do the leaves of Summer shades
Go frisking down the Autumn glades?
Why are the trees, with branches bare,
Left to shiver in Wintry air?

Why did the bird that blithely sung
In safe retreat, by leaves o'erhung,
Bid soft adieu to its brief home
And seek the wilds unknown to roam?

Why does the hearthside's little pet
So soon its childish ways forget,
And leave the arms which held it dear
To crown with love some other sphere?

Why does the manly form wax old,
And hearts once warm grow sadly cold?
Why the red coals of life turn gray
And fondest hopes flit fast away?

Why does each aspiration high
A broken column fallen lie?
Why does the crest of each life-wave
Shadow oblivion in the grave?

The Summer leaves resign their place,
That brighter forms may give their grace;
The limbs endure the Winter's sting,
That Nature may prepare for Spring.

Eternal change is the first of laws,
Of every joy and grief the cause.
That progress may all things include
The streams of life are oft renewed.

New life, the future to unlock,
Absorbs the strength of parent stalk;
The old distintegrates in air,
The New usurps the old one's care.

The Wheel of Life, with ceaseless sound,
Whirls on in ever-constant round;
And rosy morn, with joyous breath,
Arises from a night of death.

LILILAH SLEEPS.

The Doctor came at eve
And said: "A change has come.
'Tis well! I now perceive
The fever's course has run.
Tomorrow's beams enfold
An increased health to keep
Thy child from fever's hold,
And bring her sweetest sleep."

And spake the Doctor true.
When day began to peep,
And stars forsook the blue,
She closed her eyes in sleep.
So narrow is the line
Between the ill and well,
As joys our hearts incline
They meet the funeral knell.

She sleeps! A lily sleeps,
Where once a rose did wake.
She sleeps! The mother weeps,
Nor will her charge forsake.
Bate thy breath lightly,
Lest rose once sprightly,
Rouse from its slumber
In startled wonder.

She sleeps! Death's gentle Queen
On King of health awaits,
And spreads her argent sheen
When life's glow abdicates.
Mark that lip smiling,
Death's play beguiling,

Soft ripples revealed
In waters congealed.

She sleeps! The placid brow,
The cheeks where dimples play,
Our senses still endow
With vision of life's day.
Eyelids closed lightly,
Lips parted slightly,
Almost with breathing
The bosom is heaving.

She sleeps! On lakes of blue,
Guarded by silken fringe,
Death leaves a restful hue
Replacing Heaven's tinge.
That voice that proudly,
In child's play, loudly
Some toy demanded,
God has remanded.

She sleeps! Yet, as we stand,
A breath of fragrant air,
With careless, wanton hand,
Disturbs a tress of hair.
Auburn hair curling,
Sunlight enfurling,
Wind sprites undoing,
Wavy locks wooing.

She sleeps! Her fairy hands
Lie clasped upon her breast.
Child-hope no more expands
This dainty bud at rest.
Some angel's duty
To pluck this sweet beauty
And love left forlorn
Awaits Heaven's morn.

DEATH'S BOATMAN.

I little knew life's boat
On Pluto's sea would float.

I watched my child at play—
A summer's health there lay.

I little thought the pall
Of death would quickly fall.

I marked her graceful form,
Promise of youthhood's morn;

Why need I think the way
Of love would close that day?

When evening came she slept,
While fierce her arteries leapt.

Oh, why should day's bright light
Be swallowed up in night!

I gave vile drugs in haste,
She cried not at the taste;

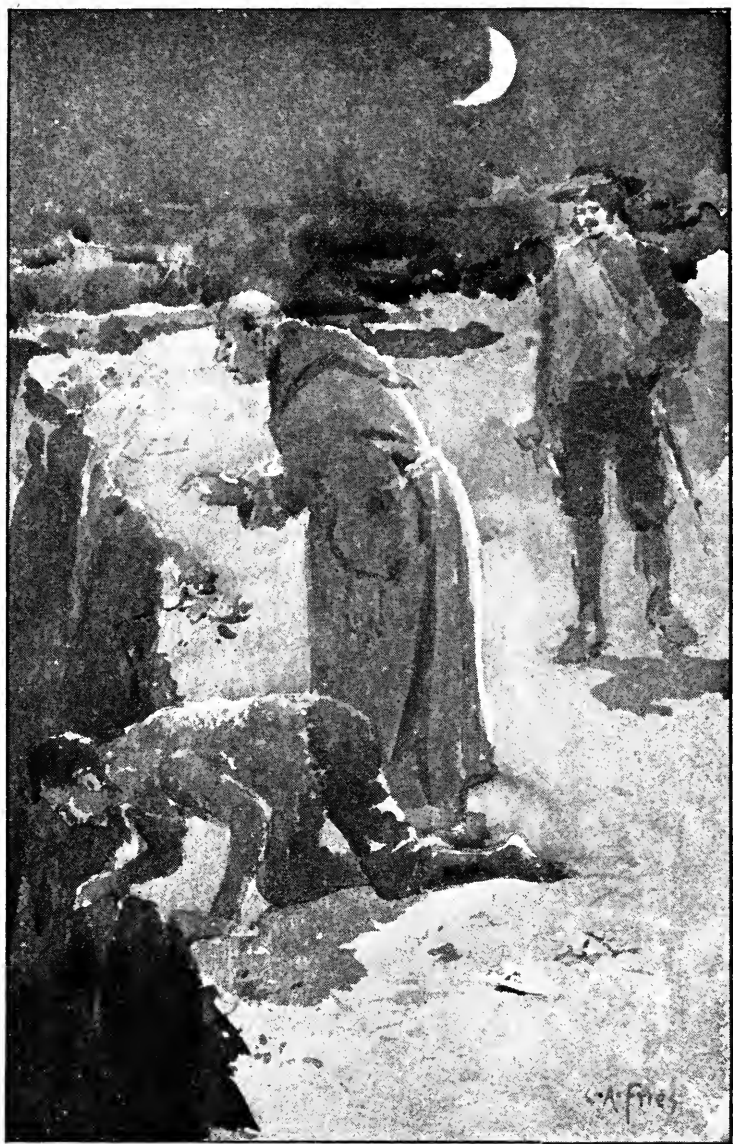
How like the melting snow
The sands of life may flow!

I knelt beside the bed,
Like burning coals her head;

How long the night, how still,
When death's wing casts a chill!

The boatman came at morn,
I heard no signal horn;

How soft the oars they ply
When the dark boat draws nigh!



"Through depths of gloom peered Acolyte and Priest". Page 149



In grief I grew most bold,
Defied the robber's hold;

As lightly falls the dew
Life's forces sink from view.

With loved one gone, oh, why
Should we longer fear to die?

CHARON'S BOAT SONG.

I row them away with tender care,
Across the silent bay;
I row the old, the young and the fair,
I dare not stop to play.
For men are born to laugh and to weep,
To dream out their day in gentle sleep,
While I must a constant vigil keep.

I must ever recross this shadowy main;
What boots the toll I pay!
For leaves are born, but to die again—
A life for a life each day.
I muffle my oars and lightly dip,
And tarry awhile at the ferry slip,
Awaiting the shades for the coming trip.

The time may come when no spirit guest
Will meet me at the way;
When each man's soul has gone to rest
And left its home of clay.
'Till then I must watch the living sphere,
And row to the shore of those most dear,
To act as the soul's grim boatman here.

THE PADRE'S CONSOLATION.

When all thy plans are thwarted,
Ambition's flower lies dead;

And fondest hopes aborted
Fill waking hours with dread;
Let not thy mind have trouble,
Or sigh like the winds: "Alas!"
But pierce time's fateful bubble
With the thought: "This too will pass."

For time slings on his quiver
And bravely steps away,
To aim a shaft to shiver
The light of each new day.
Each day into night is dying,
Mere shadows in the glass;
Then cease thy useless crying—
Remember, "This, too, will pass."

'Tis true, time's waters flowing,
Beside life's mossy brink,
But scarce will reach thy knowing
Ere from thy view they sink;
Then why should'st thou be weary,
And think thy gold but brass?
Inspire thy moments dreary
With the words: "This, too, will pass."

For Time is nature's healing—
The broken wing or heart
Is silently annealing
Beneath kind Nature's art.
Tonight will bring tomorrow;
Another of its class
Will still from Time's hand borrow—
Know then, "This, too, will pass."

Then keep thy heart from breaking
O'er memories fading lore,
With thought that a morrow's waking
Will bring thee good in store,
And fill old earth with brightness.
Have cheer, my gentle lass!

And thrill thy soul with lightness,
Knowing, "This, too, will pass."

This, too, will pass, remember,
The fleeting steps of time
Will bring May to December
And change thy prose to rhyme.
For clouds hang not forever,
In dark and ominous mass,
But break in brighter weather—
Like clouds, "This, too, will pass."





PART V.

QUESTIONINGS.



OH, WHERE AND WHY?

When happiness pervades man's soul,
And pleasure sweet assumes control,
He recks but little, "why?" and "where?"
These earthly problems bring small care;
The animal senses are at play,
And selfish joys consume each day;
He laughs at woe, and scorns to think
That in its depths his soul may sink.

When sorrow casts her somber shade
About the home which he hath made,
Then from his lips is forced the cry:
"Mysterious life, oh, where and why?"
Each soul must pass through this same stage;
A war of doubts doth sorrow wage—
A ceaseless war which hath no end
Until to God we humbly bend.

For finite mind can no more grasp
The verities which men must clasp,
Than mortal eyes may limits see
To space wherein the stars float free.
Yet thoughts are born through vain dispute,
Likewise by meditations mute;
These questionings with which men burn,
Are processes through which they learn.

'Twas thus the Novice underwent
The change from joy to discontent;
While life was warmed with sunny beam

He drifted calm on pleasure's stream;
When sorrow's banks and breakers bold
Had chilled his heart with waves of cold,
He turned from paths of pleasant ease
To question Fate, with thoughts like these:

"What am I, and what are you?
Do we wake or dream?
Is all that we see or do
Real, or merely seem?
Is each act and thought of mind,
We of substance glean,
But reflections of some kind
Upon a mental screen?

"Are we after all but one,
The center of a wheel,
Around which mere shadows run
With imageries real?
Is all that man thinks or sees,
A mental growth alone?
Is human life, then, some disease
To Heaven's garden blown?

"Is not man, like a worm,
Encased within a shell?
Experience will confirm
This simile most well;
For eyes, ears, mouth and nose,
And quickening sense of touch,
Are not the soul which grows—
The soul is not of such.

"These are the tiny ways
Which lead to spirit's door;
And here life's current plays
And seeks to pierce the core.
What know we of the world
Except through sense of nerve?
The soul within lies curled
And keeps a cold reserve.

"We look upon yon tree—
There goes with swiftest flight
The thought that there we see
A substance green and bright;
Yet, may it not be true
The vision did begin
And first was brought to view
Away down deep within?

"Is it beyond belief
To think our soul sits still,
And that each joy and grief
Is impulse of our will?
That this we term the earth,
With all its passing show,
In truth receives its birth
From souls' reflected glow?

"That all we see and hear,
Or think we taste or feel,
Is not made to appear
From outward sources real?
But is a fleeting phase—
A phantom growth of mind,
Which throws its inward blaze
Out through the fastened blind?

"For who can prove they see,
Or who can truly tell
They hear across the lea
The sound of chiming bell?
They merely know, to them
Sensation did impart
Its jeweled diadem
Of nerve's sweet thrilling art.

"For aught the Ego knows,
Which slumbers in its bed,
The nervous force arose
And sweet-toned music bred.

For aught that we can prove,
 All outward tokens run
 Along the senses' groove,
 From depths of inner one.

"May life not be a dream
 From which we soon must wake,
 And cross o'er Pluto's stream
 New work to undertake?
 May we not now be dead—
 The soul from body hurled,
 And by some great law led
 From some far distant world?

"May not it be we live
 First on some shining star,
 And come here fugitive
 To 'scape some wrath afar?
 May not this, then, be cause
 For sorrow and the pain,
 Which covers like the gauze
 Man's slow pulsating brain?

"If life is sober fact,
 With end to time and space;
 If every thought and act
 Finds here substantial place,
 Then what is there beyond,
 And what were we before
 We entered in life's bond
 Through birth's inchoate door?

"What limit shall men draw
 To mark the depths of blue?
 Is there a space where law
 Its light doth not pour through?
 Beyond the farthest skies
 Our mortal eyes can pierce,
 Does chaos there arise
 In titan forces fierce?

"To limit is to bound—
Beyond the bounds, what then?
Does not this thought confound
The minds of greatest men?
If there is end to Time,
Did Time not once begin?
From what did it then climb?
What fate is Time to win?

"Are we not each an arm
Or inlet to God's mind,
Which hath lost Heaven's charm
To grope in darkness blind?
Are not our moments here,
Of sadness and of love,
But shadows which appear
Reflected from above?

"The plant is built of cells
Each with a form distinct,
In each a small life dwells
And shows a dumb instinct;
These myriad tiny grains
Combine to make a tree,
Whose symmetry maintains
The law of unity.

"May not the souls of men,
Which come from unknown source,
To fly beyond our ken
When life hath lost its force,
Like cells of mighty tree,
Upspringing from the sod,
Flow on to swell the sea
Of intelligence we call God?"

DISPUTE NOT FATE.

The Padre listened calm
 To Acolyte's dispute,
 And stroked his hardened palm,
 Nor ventured to refute.
 Then slowly raised his head
 And on the other smiled,
 While Wisdom's halo spread
 Her lustre soft and mild.

"Why argue with the wind?
 Why blow thy breath at Fate,
 Whose ear thou long hath dinned
 Her knowledge to instate?
 'Tis futile, vain and wild
 To go beyond earth's sphere;
 Content, like little child,
 Believe, and say: 'I'm here.'

"I'm here, and know not whence,
 Or whither I may go,
 Nor shall all diligence
 This truth on me bestow.
 'Tis not for finite brain
 The infinite to span;
 I'm here, and must remain
 'Till death, a simple man.

"Suppose that each surmise
 Of thy rare mind be true,
 Does this then authorize
 Less work for us to do?
 Would this remove the woe
 And sorrows from man's way?
 Would this then overthrow
 The burdens of each day?

"No, no, we're here; unknown
 To us the source or end—

Nor may our thoughts postpone
The Fates we here contend.
Mere speculation rife
No useful purpose serves,
In fact, it lengthens strife
By adding specious curves.

"We're here, to duty wed,
To give a helping hand
To pacify the dread
And evil in our land.
With kindly love and care
Give thought to each man's soul:
Nor question when or where
We go when on parole."

HOPE, THE ELUSIVE ELF.

One day when life blew bleak and cold,
And waves of sadness round him rolled;
And help came slowly from above,
Through weakened faith and lack of love;
The Acolyte despondent grew
And questioned whether to pursue
The fleeting shadows here on earth
Was best, or of man's efforts worth:

"Why is it that men live
Through sorrow's dead'ning hour?
Were it not best to give
Release to life's dull power?
When all our hopes are dead;
When misery alone
Her flickering light doth shed
About proud reason's throne,
Why is the heart thus prone
To bear its ills alone?

"One, sure, would think, that when
The leaden clouds of Fate

Their myriad drops unpen
The thirst of woe to sate:
One, sure, would think, the mind
Of frail and mortal man,
Whom wretchedness doth bind
With chains to sorrow's clan,
Would close life's ceaseless plan,
By death's most potent ban.

O, why do they resist
In sorrow's vale of tears?
O, why do they resist
Surcease of earthly fears?
When by one silent touch
An end is made to pain—
A slip from sorrow's clutch,
To ne'er be caught again.
One touch will rob the vein—
Will snap the vital chain.

"For, when we close our eyes
Upon the pains of earth,
Do we not higher rise
To realms of greater worth?
And even if our thought
Of Heaven is not true,
And life so dearly bought
Returneth whence it came,
And, soul, like body, too,
Disintegrates in flame.

"Were it not better far,
When we have lost life's pearl,
No happiness to mar
Or sorrow's flag unfurl?
But, rather, quiet go
Out from the lighted room,
And let our spirit slow
Dissolve within the tomb,

And cloud not earth's illumé
With our ill-fated gloom?

"What holds man from this end,
And keeps him to his way,
While burthens make him bend
'Till nature ends his sway?
What is the potent spell
Which draws him to the light,
Attracts life's needle well
Away from death's sad plight?
Where is this beacon bright
Which shines upon man's night?

"'Tis that elusive elf,
That ever-living hope,
Which gives control of self
While through dull mists we grope.
Combined with this is fear—
The firm, innate, belief
That he whose hand slays here
Must suffer greater grief,
We watch life's fading leaf,
And trust to God's relief.

"Where'er a human soul remains
Upon this planet world,
So long as mankind suffer pains
And to sad woes are hurled,
Will ever be the knowledge born,
Like instinct in the bird;
Heaven awaits those souls that mourn—
For this is God's own word.
Distress of mind and soul forlorn
Are but the darkness ere the morn."

THE TIDES OF FAITH.

To this the Padre gave a calm reply,
Although the listless faith brought forth a sigh:
"Life's ceaseless flow, as waters of a sea,

Which surge against the banks of some fair lea,
Will raise and fall in tides upon the beach
Of righteousness, our souls to better teach.
Good purposes at times sweep very high,
At other moments we forget to try.
Insensibly decision slips away
And leaves ambition wrecked beneath the spray.

"When far away on sin's retreating tide
We turn, and see the land where loves abide;
Again our life sweeps back in strengthened flow,
Once more the faithless ebb to undergo.
O, would that souls might stand as does the rock
Gibraltar holds, to stay Atlantic's shock,
Imbedded firm in faith of Holy Christ,
To be no more by loveless waves enticed;
To stand a fortress in the midst of strife
Unmoved by dashing waves of aimless life."

IN THE SHADOWS.

Thus spake the Acolyte:
"What of that last dread hour—
That life-destroying blight
Which over earth doth lower?
What know we of the end
To which both rich and poor
The subject knee must bend
And servitude endure?

"Think'st not 'tis wondrous strange,
That of such common force
Man's mind cannot arrange
Clear concept of its course?
Of all the millions gone
That none come back to tell
The happenings anon,
When death their end befell?

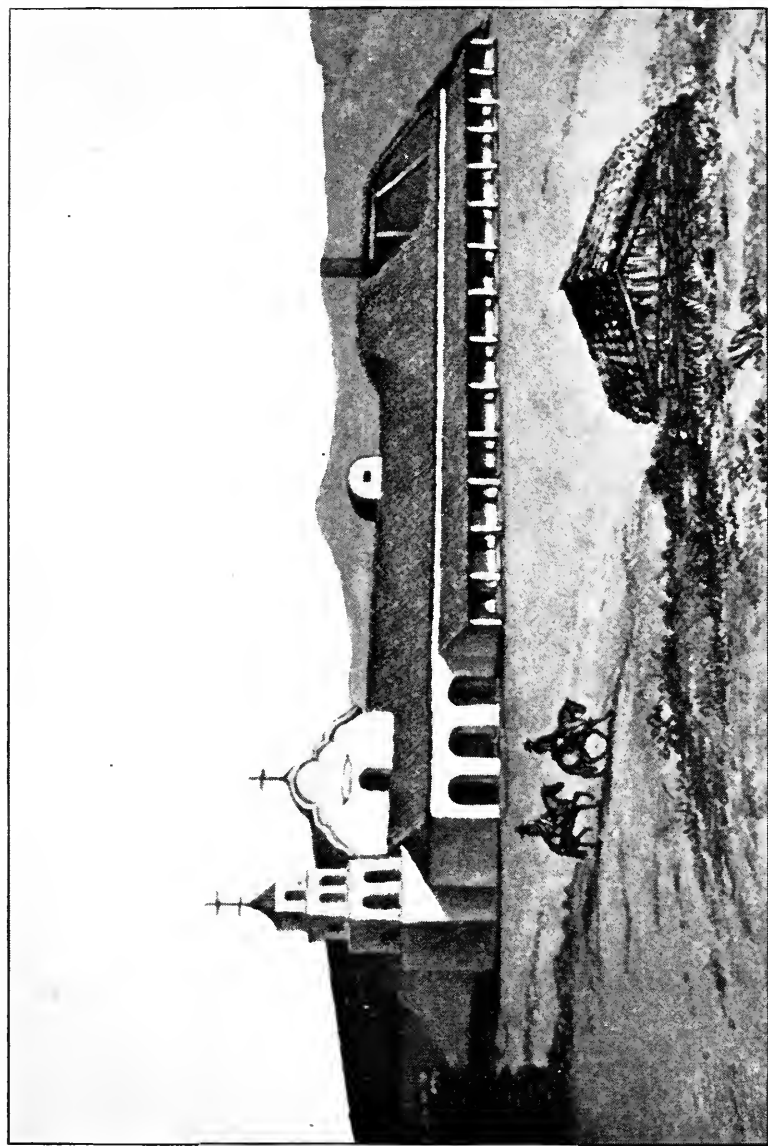
"All through the crowding years,
Which bridge the vault of time,
Come wailings and sad tears
O'er mystery sublime;
Yet, the greatest minds of earth,
Our hearts with steel to gird,
Of undisputed worth
Have left no certain word.

"Wise men do thus impart:
'When blood and lungs and brain
Have failed to do their healthful part,
Then snaps the vital chain.'
But who dares answer give
Explaining death profound,
Or make proof positive
To questions we propound?

"Whence goes the sense from head?
Where flit those visions bright
That lingered with the dead
Ere death closed mortal sight?
Think'st thou, that dead men feel
As slips life's anchor chain,
Or spirit eyes reveal
The somber funeral train?

"Does death annihilate,
In sudden quenching out.
Of being animate,
Releasing us from doubt?
Or do we blindly grope,
As in a darkened room,
With consciousness and hope
To lighten up the gloom?

"Do spirit fingers feel
The box, and wonder, "Why?"
Does living grief appeal



The San Diego Mission as it formerly stood. From a painting by Col. C. J. Coutts, 1848

To their dumb agony?
Who answer makes in truth
With demonstration meet,
Will have the world, forsooth,
In homage at his feet?"

To this the Padre said:
"Would'st thou be thus unkind,
To probe the silent dead
Some secret lore to find?
Know thou that spirits dwell
In this frail human form;
That death but breaks the shell
Admitting to Heaven's morn.

"Hast' seen a chrysalis—
Moveless, dull; when broken,
Its sleeping life dismiss,
In winged, brilliant token?
'Tis thus to freer life
We go through gate of death:
One simply ends earth's strife
In giving up life's breath.

"Unpinioned, yon bird's wings
Will soar in larger flight;
The bulbul sweetest sings
When day shades into night,
Full oft that seems most ill
That holds supernal love;
God thus bestows His Will—
Death is but birth above.

"When life was young and stout,
I, too, God's plans assailed
With questionings of doubt
That good all times prevailed;
I, too, felt much perplexed
At sorrow's common lot,

With which all men are vexed
No matter where begot.

"I little thought each soul
God gives and God retakes;
That His is just control
Nor smallest life forsakes.
The measure of His sway,
Which taught me not to mock,
One sad and painful day
I gathered from a clock."

WHAT SAID I TO THE CLOCK.

"'Twas in my flush of youth
An accident befell—
To speak in words of truth,
I think it served me well.
With thoughtless lads I came
An apple orchard by,
When, with no thought of shame,
The fruit we dared to try.

"While posted in a tree
The better choice to make,
I saw my comrades flee
From the wrathful owner's stake.
In haste I made to spring
Upon a nearby wall,
But slipping with the swing
I had a fearful fall.

"My arm was bent and bruised,
My shoulder out of place;
With angry blood infused
The farmer came apace;
But pity o'er him spread
When he beheld my plight—
The thought that I was dead
Turned temper into fright.

"He moved me to his cot,
 Gave me the one spare room,
 Which not the smallest jot
 Of sunlight did illumine.
 The village Doctor's haste
 Now caused me greater harm,
 By binding to my waist
 The shattered, misplaced arm.

"O, agony and pain,
 Of bandages drawn tight!
 O, aching of the brain
 Through all that weary night!
 Ne'er will I quite forget,
 Though life endures for aye—
 I feel it even yet
 As if 'twere yesterday.

"Throughout the night alone
 I lay with unclosed eyes;
 That sin I did atone
 With pain's keen sacrifice.
 My mind, with clouded wits
 Still suffering from shock,
 Would wake by startled fits
 And commune with the clock.

"Majestic, plain and straight
 This stood against the wall,
 Its ponderous swinging weight
 Re-echoing time's call.
 While from its pleasant face
 Benignant wisdom beamed;
 With hands in close embrace,
 In constant prayer it seemed.

"In my chaotic state
 The clock stood as a friend,
 To whom I could relate
 My thoughts, whose ear would bend

To catch the muttered woe
My sickened mind expressed.
'Twas thus, in accents low,
My tongue the clock addressed:

"Wherefore do men have pain?
Wherein is goodness shown,
With sorrow's benumbing chain
Around each moment thrown?
What duty does pain serve?
Can God provide no way,
Except through aching nerve
To teach mankind to pray?

"To which the thoughtful clock,
In measured kindly voice:
'Pain opes the soul's strong lock
And leads man to rejoice.
What of that garden scene
Where gentle Christ bowed down
In patient martyr's mien,
Did his brow wear a frown?

"Think of those drops of blood
With which his brow was wet,
Pain reached its highest flood
In that first ruby sweat.
Wherein does thy small ill
Resemble His great throe?
'Tis like a tiny rill
Compared with torrent's flow.'

"To this I give reply:
'Was His a human pain?
And suffered He as I
A body's racking strain?'
I touched my fevered head,
'Twas moist as wet with dew
But, lo, it was not red
When held up to my view.

"Thus said the clock: 'Tis man,
 And his ideas small,
 Who disapproves God's plan
 Which governs over all.
 Not so with lower kind—
 They know that God is just;
 Nor question they to find
 Clear proof to base their trust.

" 'Of one thing we are sure—
 God ere repays in full,
 Rewards the good and pure
 With mercies bountiful.
 But he whom wind dares sow
 The whirlwind sure will reap,
 And sorrow's footsteps slow
 His company will keep.

" 'Complain not of thy fate,
 Nor reason of God's weal;
 Did'st thou give man just weight
 When thou gave thought to steal?
 Man chooses his own path,
 To rise or be o'ercome—
 Deferred oft is God's wrath,
 Yet, doubt not, it will come.'

"Awaking as from dreams,
 I found the light of day
 Had sent its tiny streams
 To chase my doubts away.
 Yet, ringing in my ear,
 The voice I thought I heard
 Still sounded soft and clear:
 'God's judgment long deferred.'

"Without the farmer's home
 All nature worshiped true,
 From the brooklet's sparkling foam

To the clouds that flecked the blue.
All spoke abounding praise
Of God's wise fatherhood,
To me life seemed to phrase
The sweet words: 'God is good.'

" 'Great God is Good,' said I,
No longer will I doubt,
From this time on I'll try
To put my sins to rout.
'I owe you much,' I said
To the kindly, smiling clock—
Its hands, its face o'erspread
While it answer made, 'tick-tock'."

THE ACOLYTE'S LAMENT.

O would I were a child again
Beside my mother's knee,
Imbued with tender fancies
Which make childhood light and free.
O would those gentle impulses
Of child-life had not flown,
And earth, her cold repulses
Had not turned my heart to stone.
O would that truth, and trust of youth
Had not been overthrown.

O would the fountains of my soul,
That once ran crystal pure,
Had clouded not from dregs of vice
And taint of sin's allure.
O would that moments flying fleet
Might tinted halo fling
Along my path to guide my feet,
As once in life's soft spring.
O, would kind sleep the years might keep,
And dreams my youth re-bring.

Would that the golden sands of life
Might recommence their flow,
And leave me free from worldly strife
And sorrow's undertow.
O would that innocence so true,
With gentle children born,
Might still refresh me like the dew
Which greets the sparkling morn.
O would that mind could cease to find
Life's ever-present thorn.

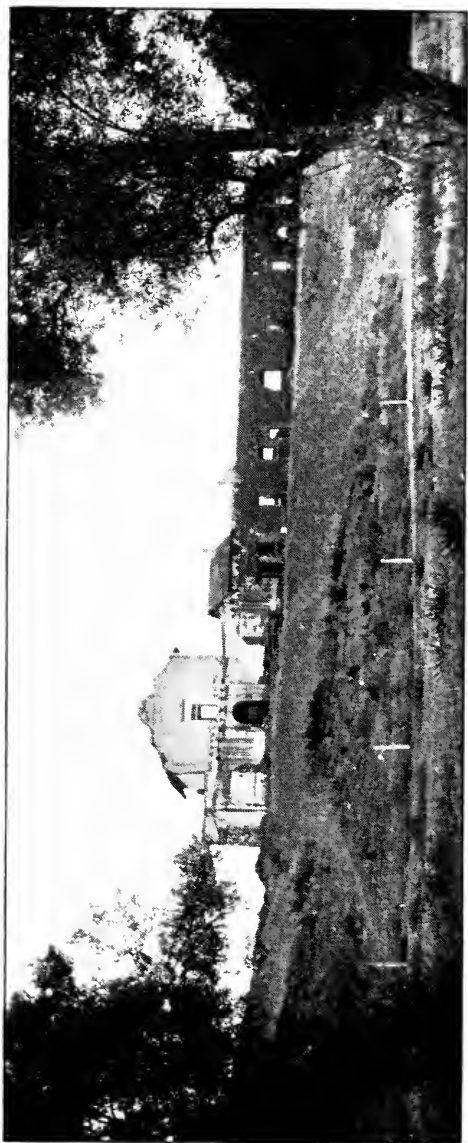
For where is loving counsel found
So free from selfish taint,
Or where are sacrifices made
With less of sad complaint,
Than that a mother does impart
To infant by her side,
When with a gentle, patient heart
She seeks her child to guide?
O bright the fate, that youth awaits
Where loving words abide.

And where does peace of soul prevail,
And where the care-free mind,
And where the light and bouyant step—
That we in childhood find?
For child-life wears the badge of grace,
On lip and glistening eye,
Sin hath not marred by her sad trace
Nor caused the heart to sigh.
O would my own had not outgrown
Those thoughts which beautify.

'Tis knowledge steals the sacred pearl .
That symbolizes peace;
And gives to youthful innocence
A brow of many a crease.
Like fairest babe was Adam,
Like sweetest child was Eve,

Ere tasting tree of knowledge
Taught them others to deceive.
O would the doubts, which knowledge flouts,
My own heart might not grieve.





Ruins of the San Diego Mission as they appear to-day.

PART VI

THE FIREBRAND.



FAGOTS.

Crooked sticks will not lie straight,
Place them as you will;
Hearts where Evil stands innate,
Are fraught with mischief still.
What will ye have God do
With men who'll not stand true?

Lips that curse the crucifix
With no blush of shame,
Should be burned with crooked sticks
In everlasting flame.
Consume each wicked heart
That plys its sinful art.

Gather fagots from forest bleak—
Dead, dry branches to burn;
Withered limbs which writhe and creak
When Autumn winds return.
Fagots—a green bough's bone,
Revealed when leaves have flown.

Place these fagots in bundles small,
By the dreary way,
Where shadows paint the pine trees tall
At close of Winter's day—
Strange shadows on the path,
The daylight's aftermath.

Bring these bundles, toothless witch,
From the leaf-strewn track;
Crone with soul as dark as pitch
And ways demoniac;
What doth the future tell,
Thou witch of Asphodel?

Says witch: "Bestir the fagot fire
To cheer the Winter night,
Draw the settle a little nigher
And watch the sea of light.
Behold, I lift the veil
The future to detail."

FLAMES.

The seething mass of ruddy flames,
Whose pencil points and forked tongues
Write tales in black on furnace frames,
Will speak with force of human lungs.
Behold the visions which arise
From burning fagots—pictures strange,
Which vanish upward to the skies
With kaleidoscopic change.

Here, stands the Mission, clothed in night,
The faithful Padres wrapt in sleep;
Their faith so firmly fixed in right
That Guard on watch they ne'er will keep.
The Neophytes, housed like themselves,
Contented lie in well-earned rest—
The sleep of one who digs and delves
Of all the others is most blest.

Midst darkest aura of the fire
One sees the Old Presidio,
Where broods the man whose sole desire
Is patient Padre's overthrow.
Mark how the flames of Evil run

To light the coals of a baser heart,
They claim success is almost won
And baleful gleams they shoot apart.

Again, what mean those forms that crouch,
And steal along the garden wall?
Are these but shadows that debouch
And through the garden swiftly crawl?
Ah, no; these moving forms we heed
Contain the blood of Indian kind,
Induced by one to do a deed
Too base for even his low mind.

With sudden shout and frightful din
The cruel men begin their work;
Some force the ways that lead within,
While others in the garden lurk.
Kind Jaumé with nervous start,
Awakes from sweetness of his dreams,
And hastes away with troubled heart
To learn the cause of noise and screams.

"Amad a dias, hijas," said
The Padre at the Mission door;
With arms upraised above his head,
God's blessing doth he there implore.
But lo, the angry, wicked flood
Is not to stay at God's command,
But his, the gentle Padre's blood
Is first to water this fair land.

AMAD A DIAS, HIJAS.

"Amad a dias, hijas,"
Thus bespoke the kindly Fray,
"Love ye all God, my children!"
Closing words of his life's day.
With arms upraised in blessing,
Those sinful hearts addressing,

Still love for God impressing:
"Amad a dias, hijas."

"Amad a dias, hijas,"
Fitting words to crown a life
Wherein sole endeavor
Was to supplant Peace for Strife.
Teaching of Omnipotence
In words of benevolence,
E'en in the face of violence:
"Amad a dias, hijas."

"Amad a dias, hijas,"
Ah, if the world but would
Be not o'ercome with evil,
But o'ercome ill with good.
In place of cruel friction
Have good as predilection;
Attend with benediction;
"Amad a dias, hijas."

THE ACOLYTE'S DREAM.

I had a dream, a dream so strange,
It sure would seem beyond the range
Of fact or probability.
Yet, to relate may serve, in sooth,
To elevate a simple truth,
And prove of some utility.

I dreamt I died. Around my bed
My loved ones cried that I was dead;
With hearts disconsolate they grieved.
I seemed to stand somewhat aloof,
From where the strand of warp and woof
Had snapped, and thus my soul reprieved.

I thought my tongue did try to speak
To those who clung to pallid cheek
Of form that lay inanimate.

But all my strength could not avail
To go one length outside the pale
Where death would life contaminate.

Try as I would, with thought and act,
I found I could produce no fact
Of outward demonstration.
Whene'er that I would speak of death
My lips would sigh with softest breath,
But no words of consolation.

If they had known the burning pain
Each uttered groan did give my brain,
They would have ceased their wild appeals;
Each loving heart its sad lament
O'er counterpart of spirit sent—
If they had known what death reveals.

My noiseless feet would roam about,
When friends I'd meet, with loudest shout
I tried their thoughts to intervene.
Oft I would flit from room to room;
Or else would sit within the gloom,
Where lay my form in death's demesne.

Until one day, through sunlight warm,
They brought away my solid form,
And earth to earth was thence restored.
I passed along unto the grave,
Where saddened throngs their blessings gave,
And grace from loving God implored.

Thence did I wend my way alone,
And met a friend whom I had known,
In life, Good Padre Jaumé.
He said: "I come in search of you
That you may some new work pursue;
Death leads into a higher way."

We traveled up a distance far,
'Till earth's round cup became a star,
Yet with no feeling of fatigue.
We came at last to other lands,
O'er which we passed, through golden sands,
For many a glist'ning league.

To a river's flow, where on the bank,
Soft rushes grow; and foul and dank
The mists like weeping curtains lower.
But not for long was here our stay;
The boatman strong rowed swift away
And feathered oars with skilful power.

Could I indite, or give in speech,
The wondrous sight of that far beach,
This earth would be depopulate.
Each plodding one would haste to go,
To that dear land and hasten to
The boundless joys which there await.

A land of peace, surpassing fair,
Where burdens cease to weigh with care,
Was where I journeyed in my dream.
A place of rest where each desire
Of life's behest is carried higher;
With faith and hope, in love supreme.

I marvelled much how like the earth,
In every touch of sacred worth,
Was this bright spot to which we came.
The mounts and level meads and vales,
With musical sweet nightingales,
Was like our mother earth the same.

And there were folk who came and went,
Who moved and spoke with like accent
To those I knew lived in the world.
Yet differed they from men, in this:
All work or play to them was bliss—
The busy loom more softly whirled.

My friend I sought to learn the name
Of this fair spot to which we came,
And which so charmed my spirit eyes.
"My Son," quoth he, "This perfect land,
Which here you see on every hand,
Is known on earth as Paradise.

"All who have tried to keep life pure
When they have died have come here, sure
To live thenceforth a life of joy.
Here all will lead those useful ways
Where they have won the greatest praise,
While Earth held them in her employ."

"Do all come here?" I eager asked,
"Is there no sphere when life is past
For those who fail to live life true?
Is there no Hell of hottest flame
Where Infidel may burn in shame,
And man each wicked purpose rue?"

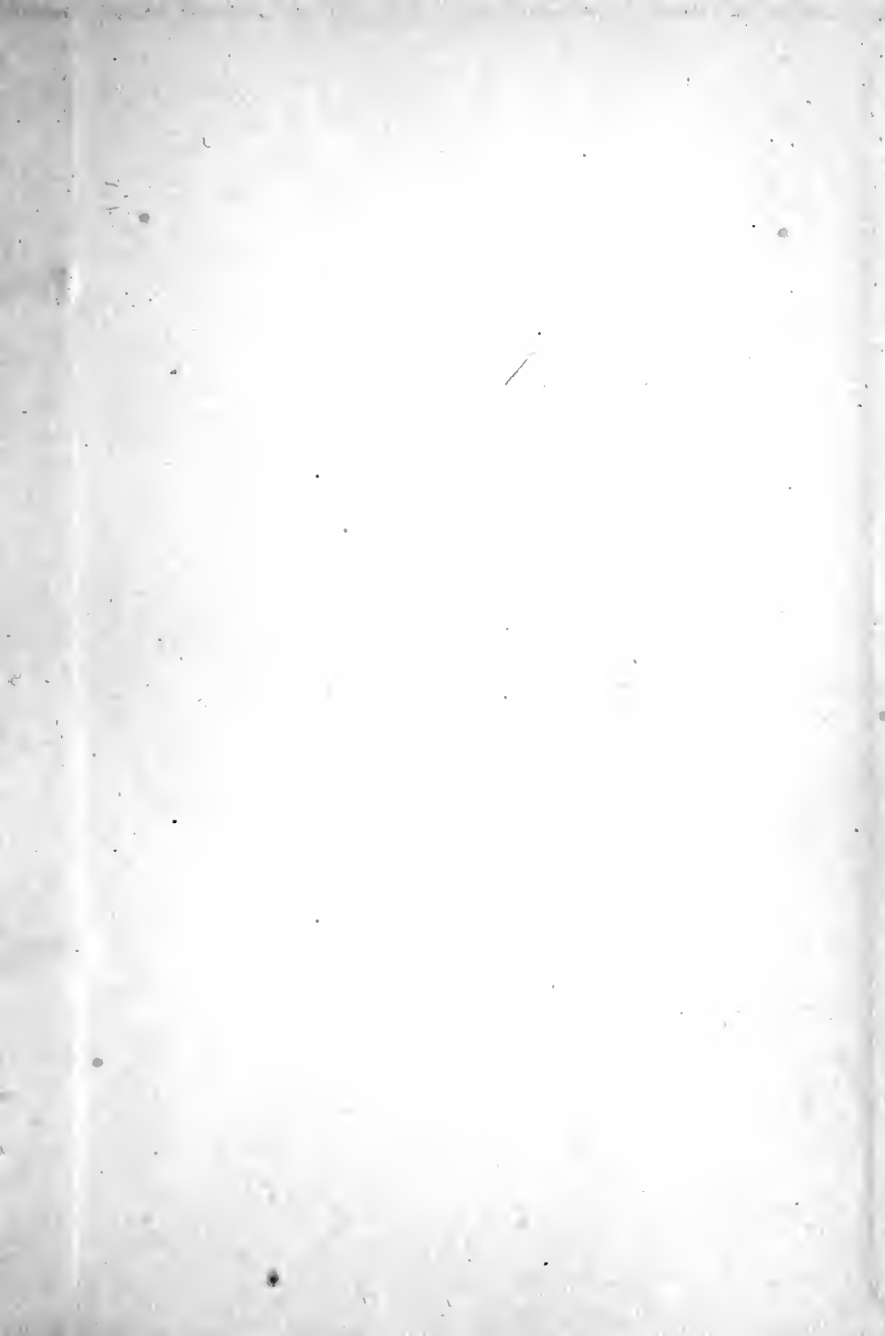
Replied my friend: "'Tis not for all
Here to ascend, yet, they who fall
A million times to rise is given;
If virtue then holds not her place
Those sinful men who scoff at grace
Are denied a stay in Heaven."

"Oh, 'tis most sweet to know that few
Will ever greet Hell's retinue,
Or fail of God's great charity.
Through countless trials which God e'er gives
He reconciles the fugitives
To aid their own disparity."

And I awoke, as from my view
The one who spoke in smiles withdrew,
To join fair Heaven's Brotherhood.
Interpreted by Reason's gleam
I thought I read in my strange dream
The triumph of eternal Good.

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